

NOVEMBER 14, 1955

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CALLING ALL GRIDIRON FANS

*A Message from George Halas,
Chicago Bears*

An incident happened this Spring that may give the current football season a meaning bigger than the bowl games and All America selections. The University of Kentucky Wildcats will take the field in every game without their star fullback.

Allen Felch is the missing man. He'd been scheduled for discharge from the Army at Camp Gordon, near Augusta, Ga., on June 9. Felch planned to re-enter the U.K. summer classes on June 20, completing eligibility for two more varsity seasons. As a sophomore he was Kentucky's best ground gainer. But now his playing days are over.

The Sunday before discharge from the Army, Allen Felch got a week-end pass. He went swimming with his wife and another couple in Aiken County, S.C., not far from Augusta. He dove into shallow water. His head hit bottom, breaking his neck.

After treatment at the Camp Gordon post hospital, the Army flew Felch to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C. Completely paralyzed, the boy could speak and move his eyes but nothing else. His life may well have been saved by Army surgeons, and he will have every possible help for the long road back through rehabilitation.

There's one lucky element in a story otherwise black tragedy all the way. Felch was in the Army. He's entitled to treatment at government expense.



ALLEN FELCH

This is no small matter. Civilians whose spines are crushed in sports, factory and auto accidents must pay average treatment costs of \$45,000, if they're lucky enough to receive prompt surgery and get the benefits of the few medical facilities equipped and staffed to help them.

That's why I am serving as Football Chairman on the All Sports Committee for the Paralyzed. Bill Corum organized this effort to raise money for the medical research and professional education programs carried on at leading medical centers by the National Paraplegia Foundation. Bill's doing a great job.

Football people with us are Bert Bell, Charles W. Bidwell, Jr., Russell W. Bogda, Lou Little, Red Grange, Herman Hickman, Tom Harmon, Frank Leahy, John V. Mara and Art Rooney. All research grants are administered by medical authorities from the Universities of Pennsylvania, Illinois, Yale, Southern California, Louisville, Harvard, Indiana, Michigan and Washington University.

Please help. Each fellowship takes \$15,000, and every dollar is important. Send your personal tax-deductible gift payable to the National Paraplegia Foundation. Advise Bill Corum what your team, club or informal group of friends will do. Write him at 432 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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Cozy Stroup & Co. celebrate the most triumphant conquest of Japan since MacArthur's. A light-hearted documentary in the words of CURTIS FRENDEBERG and the photographs of JEAN LAUREN

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A visit by PAUL DEUTSCHMAN with that quicksilver young man who at 26 is one of the world's greatest racing drivers and Britain's shining star. Plus a portrait in color by ROBERT HALLIN

54 **THE DREADFUL, DELIGHTFUL SCREECH OWL**

Some fear them, some love them—and JOHN O'REILLY, reporting on this comical little night bird, is of the latter school. A full-page photograph in color by DAVID GOODNOW shows what they look like

60 **TEXAS CHRISTIAN: FOOTBALL FOR FUN**

Exciting? Problem? Almost trouble? Not at TCU, where Dutch Meyer has held sway for two decades. SETH KANDOR tells the remarkable story of a man of principle who still achieves success in the big-time game

66 **HORSE-RACING'S CAVIAR: THE STEEPLECHASE**

From Virginia to Maryland to Belmont, the jumpers have had a good year both afield and on the track. By WHITNEY TOWNE

48 **FIELD TRIALS FOR SPANIELS—AND PEOPLE**

They are among the most popular of dog competitions, as well as a favorite outdoor occasion. HENRY F. DAVIS, an authority on the subject, reports on the dogs, and TONI FRIZZELL presents a four-page gallery of the spectators in color

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57 **Yesterday:** JAMES GREENFIELD recalls the visit of Babe Ruth to Japan in 1934



COVER: ERNEST BURTON

Photograph by Toni Frizzell

In the past 25 years Ernest Burton of East Islip, Long Island has been either judge or gunner at more than 466 pointer and spaniel field trials, and his shooting clothes are a veritable almanac of his years with the sport. The badges on his hat were earned for participating in field trials from New England to California. His vest is embellished with his favorite game birds—dove, quail, grouse, woodcock, pheasant and black duck—erected in petit point by his wife. His shooting jacket was made in Australia, of Bedford cord, while he was serving as a Naval Air Force gunnery instructor during World War II. For a gallery of field trial participants in color and an article by famed Field Trial Judge Henry F. Davis, see page 46.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE NEW STARS OF PRO FOOTBALL

The Colts' Alan Ameche drives through a four-page spectacle in color, and Roy Terrell reports in words on other freshmen in the money leagues

TO SAVE THE DEER HERD: SHOOT MORE DEER!

It examines a radical conservation theory which is gaining popular support and also offers an up-to-date report on hunting success and prospects across the U.S.

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Questions

**How do you feel about
the use of motorized
carts on golf courses?**

COL. L. FILBERT CRANFORD, USAF
Washington, D.C.



"I am for any machine that makes work easy. As an example, I used to cut the fields on my farm with a scythe. Now, with a power mower, I do as much work in a day as I used to do in a month. And I am still fresh enough to take my wife to the Army and Navy Club for a dinner dance."

TIM HOLLAND, New York



**President
Cavaliers of Golf**

"It's the greatest golf invention ever. But there are different breeds of golfers. Those who play for exercise will jeer. Others, who play for companionship, won't like them. They'd rather walk down the fairways and chase the fat. Women will swear by them. They can chauffeur their husbands."

MINE SOUGHAN, Durham, N.C.



**PGA record holder for
72 and nine holes**

"It takes the athletics out of golf. But they are very good for women and for the older weekend golfers. They will bring a lot of members back to golf clubs who can't do the walking that they need to do. All golf clubs will benefit and the pros can make a better living."

BOGG FORD, Kionga Lake, N.Y.



PGA champion

"They're wonderful. I'd use one in tournament play if permitted. I've used them at Palm Springs. They speed up the game and enable one to play 36 holes with little effort. But architects will have to make changes in golf courses. I hear they're built asphalt runways at a Tulsa course."

C. C. VICKREY, Sleepy Hollow Country Club, N.Y.



Insurance underwriter

"Along with the freeze-dried, taxed and sex, they're here to stay. Like the bicycle built for two, you can take your wife—or is that good? They'll add 10 years' golf to seniors like me. Teasing up those curlier hills will help you win your bet on the last crucial holes."

SAW SNEED, White Sulphur Springs, W.Va.



**Golf pro
Greenbrier Country
Club**

"We have these carts at our golf club, but I'm not crazy about them. However, I read that the owners of homes and buggies requested the homeless cartage when it first hit the country lanes. I'm no monstach. I know that these carts are here to stay. But can you imagine me using one?"

NAT GUTHRACHER, Scotch Plains, N.Y.



**Managing director
Shackamaxon Club**

"They serve a wonderful purpose for a lot of our members. But they can damage a course. If handled properly, with discretion, they will do more good than harm. People who love golf and could play only nine holes are now able to play 18 or 27 without as much trouble or physical effort."

RAY O'BRIEN, New Rochelle, N.Y.



**PGA tournament
superintender**

"We have a PGA rule that prohibits them in tournaments. It's a good thing, too. Can you imagine 128 of these carts on the course at the same time? But other than tournaments, I'd like to see a million around. They'd be a great convenience to men like me with bulging waistlines."

BOCK COWELL, New York



Financier

"The main object of golf is walking, exercising and enjoying the beautiful scenery of the golf course. Sure, I like to shoot par, but let my boys as the 15th hole and treat the boys. I probably could, too, if I saved my energy in one of those carts, but what would I do for exercise?"

BILL BOLAN, New York



Co-owner, Wilbert Products Corp.

"I'd love killing them. It would save my climbing these hills. I don't object to the exercise, but I don't like hill climbing. That's why I gave up mountain climbing when I was younger. I'm not a coward, but around 50, a man shouldn't climb hills if he wants to linger around a while."

BOB INMAN, Tulsa, Okla.



Pro, Detroit Golf Club

"I'm the assistant pro at the Detroit Golf Club. We have approximately 1,000 members. We have 10 of these electric carts and we are debating whether they are good or bad for golf. My personal opinion is that they are here to stay. Whether we like it or not, we've got to live with them."

NEXT WEEK:

Are the days of the horse numbered? (Asked at the National Horse Show)



SEXTANT OVER WAIKIKI

A navigator high over the Pacific needs these essentials to find out exactly where he is... a star, a sextant, and a high precision watch. An Omega watch gives the passenger in the airplane's lounge the same "navigation" accuracy that has gained for Omega the distinction of official watch of the British Royal Air Force and the International Olympic Games.

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to
dramatize
your
next
dinner



You will get exclamations of delight from your guests when you serve Flaming Cafe Hennessy—the perfect ending to a fine meal. No one can resist the dramatic effect of the flaming Hennessy Cognac, or the rich taste it adds to your after-dinner coffee. So easy, too—just place lump of sugar in a brandy burning spoon over hot black coffee. Fill spoon with Hennessy and light with match. When sugar melts, stir into coffee.

To help you serve your Flaming Cafe in style, Hennessy has had an attractive brandy burning spoon specially made in satin-finish stainless steel flatware. Tiny hooks hold the spoon in place on the cup while the Cognac flames.

You can get more of these spoons for use in your home. Simply fill out the coupon below and send with \$1 for each set of two spoons. The supply is limited so please don't delay.

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



CHESS, bird watching and the Olympic Fund may not appear at first glance to be closely related, but as I ran into them one day last week, they were. Each had a story to tell about what happens, as something so often does, when people read *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

As for chess, the problem published in our article on Samuel Reshevsky (81, Oct. 17) led to another problem when it came time to publish the solutions in the 19TH HOLE (Oct. 31). It seems that the teletypesetter who received the assignment to transmit the solutions to the printer refused outright to have anything to do with them. This was not, as it turned out, because of the eye-popping demands of the job (1 Kt-B6, K-Q3; 2 B-B2 etc., line after line), but because he had personally been wrestling with the brain twister ever since it appeared in 81 and had no intention of taking the easy way out. His understanding boss obligingly passed the problem over to a non-chess man, and the last I heard our teletypesetter was still working on it.

In Fairfield, Iowa, Mrs. Lillian Walker has just finished working—on a quilt. Active and industrious at 85, she makes a lot of them. But her son, Wendell Walker of New York City, who sent me the accompanying photograph, told us that this was one of the most challenging patterns she ever tackled. I'm sorry that you can't see its color in this illustration, but if the quilt looks familiar, it's because it's a reproduction of our May 16 bird watchers' cover.



The Olympics came into it when I learned that we needed another printing of Happy Knoll Country Club membership cards. As you may recall, shortly after we first offered these cards, one reader suggested that we charge a \$1 membership fee, the \$1 to be contributed to the U.S. Olympic Fund. I'm happy to report that the wise and continuing response of our readers to the suggestion has already resulted in a considerable contribution to the fund, which is even more gratifying than the fact that Happy Knoll has undoubtedly become by far the largest country club in the world. And I should add that "memberships" of course are still open, at the same fee.

Harry Keeler



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add to your own fun, too!

MacGregor sports equipment



Helmet and football series, endorsement of Ralph Gagliardi, famous "All American" of Maine Dome University. Helmet caps less than \$4—available in four appealing color combinations. Football is a terrific value at less than \$3. Official size and weight!



A great gift combination. Every MacGregor Racket is custom-finished with skilled craftsmanship. They're priced from \$4.95 to \$18.95, for more business that lasts longer, players go for MacGregor Tennis Balls with new Nylon-Dacron-Wool top.



You'll be the grinning guy on the team with a MacGregor Fielder's Glove. Endorsed by Jack Inman, Willie Mays, Jack Thompson, Bobo Roberts and many other stars. Priced at less than \$3.00 for Junior models up to \$21.00 for Professional models.



Here's a delightful package of sheer pleasure for the golf enthusiast. Famous MacGregor Winner Golf Balls are masterfully portaged with dacron-corded straps. A distinctive gift. The package, with 6 balls and 3 tees, \$6.95—the luxurious, 12 balls and 4 tees, \$13.95.



This will put sparkle in the eyes of any young baseball player—the Red Eisenhower Model "Tropper" #245. Every detail on the glove duplicates Ted's professional model. Selected with leather, fully lined, leather lined palm. Sturdy construction. A great value. Only \$3.85.



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Here's a gift that will score with speed-coming baseball players. It's the MacGregor Baseball and Goal Sport Set . . . priced at only \$6.95. Baseball is Nylon rubber covered, built to take rugged play. Goal is official size 18" diameter with 30-thread net.



You'll really make them glad they're golfers when you give a Lew Worshon Wedge or one of the other MacGregor Utility Irons. Specially designed for optimum trouble shots. Models for women, also. Give a MacGregor Pulver, too—it'll be a "get" for years.

See your MacGregor dealer for the best in sports equipment—"The Choice of Those Who Play the Game."



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

GLORY RUN FOR THE U. OF PENN. • MYSTERY OF THE WELL-CALCULATED
CALCUTTA • SHAGGY TALE OF A NONTALKING HORSE • HIGH COST OF
FAST RUNNING • A SIGN FOR OLD CY • VIOLATE SORE PRIZES HAIRY

FRANKLIN FIELD STORY

SINCE the University of Pennsylvania has not won a football game since 1953—and by common knowledge does not belong on the same field with the fifth or sixth best team in the country—it is not fully clear why 45,000 people turned up on Saturday to watch Penn play Notre Dame at Franklin Field. Perhaps mainly because Penn is swearing off Notre Dame and similar gridiron juggernauts next year for the relative peace of the Ivy League. So what happened? Notre Dame kicked off—and the 45,000 were instantly lifted to their feet by the most rousing run of the 1955 football season. And, of all things, by a Penn man.

A sophomore named Frank Riepl, starting his first game of the year, caught the Notre Dame kickoff eight yards behind his own goal line and headed upfield. A block saved him on the 15, another as he was crossing the 30, still another near the 40—and he was clear, outgunning the whole Notre Dame defense all the way for a 108-yard touchdown, while the home stands broke into Penn's rather touchingly 19th century victory chant with the lites, "We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree. . ."

Upset? Well, no, though there were plenty of those last week (see page 80) and though Sophomore Riepl passed for another touchdown and Penn went proudly off the field at half time incredibly 14-14 with Notre Dame. The final score was 46-14—Notre Dame, of course; in short, pretty much as expected, though Terry Brennan's first team had a longer day than planned.

For Penn it was the 16th defeat in a row. But the 45,000 went home with a

clearer notion than ever of why people keep going to football games—even when the two teams don't "belong on the same field."

DIRTY WORK AT DEEPDALE

UNTIL HORSE RACING adopted protective measures of identification, the finger was no rarity on the nation's tracks. Now his human counterpart is turning up in golf. Increasing popularity and inflation of the Calcutta pool—in which golf players in a tournament are auctioned off to the highest bidder—has given golf a golden aspect to the creek and sharper.

No one would ever have thought the ringer could appear at Deepdale Country Club, built by William K.

Vanderbilt and friends and one of Long Island's truly exclusive clubs. Its 139 members rate high in wealth and probity. But happen it did.

Deepdale's course, good enough to attract such golfers as President Eisenhower (when he was at Columbia University) and Bing Crosby, soon will give way to a superhighway. Younger Deepdale members suggested that, as a farewell to their fairways, the annual September tournament be enlivened with a really big Calcutta. Deepdale's old guard wanted a smaller member-and-guest Calcutta—the kind in which every player's handicap is common knowledge—but the old guard lost. For Pete's sake, the idea is to make this tournament memorable, isn't it? It was
continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

College football, after roaring through three fourths of a reasonably sane season, turned topsy-turvy Saturday with some results which did more to distort than focus the bowl-game picture. Contributing most to the confusion: suburban Michigan's three-touchdown loss to Illinois. Others: the Georgia Tech and Navy ties, Army's loss to Yale.

UCLA, however, and the two Orange Bowl-bound powers, Oklahoma and Maryland, came through. Of the three, UCLA had the most fun. In the College of the Pacific stadium which paraded a streamer pleading "Beat Harvey," Harvey's son Ronnie upheld the Knax honor by scoring one touchdown, passing for another in a 34-0 UCLA victory.

The big schools did not make all the news. Down is Danville, Kentucky, Bible College College was again, headed toward its first undefeated season since Ueda Charley

Moran's Praying Colonels, led by a young quarterback named Bo McMillin, beat good Harvard in 1921.

Jack McGrath, veteran Los Angeles driver who held the Indianapolis one-lap record, brought the American Automobile Association's race sponsorship to a tragic end when he died in a crash-up during a race at Phoenix. It was doubly ironic: the AAA was withdrawing sponsorship because of just such disasters; McGrath had said this was to be his last race on dirt tracks.

Jackie Robinson, nearing the end of a fabulous playing career with the Brooklyn Dodgers, turned an attractive ear west toward Vancouver, where the Pacific Coast League's newest member is looking for a manager. It was only a rumor that suggested baseball's first Negro player might also become its first Negro manager, but "I am certainly interested," said Jackie, "in listening to an offer."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Continued from page 21

a winning argument, and poeprhile, Christopher Dunphy, a man of rich experience in operating Calcuttas as at Greenbrier, and in playing Calcutta golf, as at Nassau (where he tied for first place in a tournament with a \$96,000 pool), was retained as auctioneer. Among the 104 pairs entered were two personable young men from up around Springfield, Massachusetts, introducing themselves as William Roberts and Richard Vitall, handicapped at 17 and 18 strokes.

The Calcutta auction was held not at Deepdale but at Park Avenue's Ambassador Hotel. Enthusiasm was high and the pool was built up to \$45,000 in spirited bidding, though not on Roberts and Vitall, whose high handicaps lumped them in Field B with five other undistinguished pairs. For them to win would be as rare as for a field horse to win the Kentucky Derby.

Of the \$45,000, a portion, \$8,000, was set aside for charity and expenses and \$37,000 went into prizes. Roberts and Vitall played in the 80s, as might be expected of high-handicap golfers, but took such astute advantage of the better-ball feature that rumors spread quickly. When they won by five strokes some members tried to hold up distribution of the \$16,186.53, but their protests were shushed as "unsportsmanlike." The money was distributed.

Big winner was Richard L. Armstrong of the South Point Golf Club, near Deepdale, a former banker who now plays the stock market. Armstrong headed up the syndicate which bought Field B and himself owned 66%. He had, it was noted, dined at the Ambassador with Roberts and Vitall, entertained them overnight in his home and paired with them in the tournament.

There was an investigation—an unsuccessful attempt to find out who at Deepdale had invited the winning pair which did, however, reveal that Richard Vitall, 18-handicap man, was really Charles Helmar, 3-handicap player and public links champion of Springfield. As to Roberts, he was a 3-handicap man too. It was Roberts, Helmar-Vitall said, who induced him to enter, with a promise of \$100. Roberts, whose 25% share of the winning ticket was a tidy \$4,926.78, was not available this week for comment. He had left for the Maine woods in a fresh-bought Volkswagen.

Deepdale was embarrassed when the news leaked out a few weeks later. It was the sort of thing that a Happy Knoll member might expect to happen

at Hard Hollow. M. Derland Doyle, club president, suggested that winnings on the two men be donated to charity.

One who refused to do so was Armstrong. To return his winnings, he held, would be an admission that he had taken part in an underhanded business knowingly. What's more, Armstrong said, he had lost \$4,600 on Calcuttas in the past six months. As proof of innocence, had he not bet \$1,250 on a losing team at Deepdale and taken an \$85 interest in his own play? As to his relations with Roberts and Helmar:

He was having breakfast at Deepdale when Roberts inquired the way to the Ambassador. "Follow me," said Armstrong, and they did. Arriving together, they dined together and if anything was said during dinner about their correct handicaps Armstrong didn't hear it. His pairing with them in the tournament was just a matter of following Roberts' suggestion when an entry controlled. He had them to dinner at his home in a mix-up caused when their car broke down. They spent the night there only in a manner of speaking.

"They borrowed my \$6,500 Lincoln Capri," he recalled, "and went to town. They got back at 4 a.m."

As host of the lucky syndicate, Armstrong was asked to produce the check by which Roberts supposedly paid for his 25%. He did, but it was unsigned. That, said Armstrong, was the way Roberts had left the check on the seat of his car.

From President Doyle came words of advice to golf presidents everywhere: "First, don't have Calcuttas and, second, if you do, limit your players to members and guests only."

There was a word too from the United States Amateur Golf Association's Joseph Dey:

"Big-money Calcuttas are pernicious. Too much money and a club's



SPORTING LOOK

The football teams came out to play

Desired to ride and run; they

They went, they heard the whistle ring,

Would be a glorious thing.

—GILBERT GOODWIN

lax attitude toward checking handicaps create a situation which is going to attract cultism. But most importantly, these big Calcuttas indicate a change in attitude among some golfers from wanting low handicaps as a matter of pride to turning in high handicaps to win something. Consciously or unconsciously, the men who support these pools are using golf as a medium to prostitute golf."

HORSES AND PAMELA

POST SCENES of junior competition, the 1955 National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden was a dream come true, but to none of them was the dream dearer than it was to Pamela Phillips, 13-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Phillips of Stamford, Conn. To Pam, owner girl of 81's Oct. 31 issue, it was a triumph over fate's apparent conspiring to keep her out of the Garden and off horses entirely.



The respiratory was of the most devious kind: no great catastrophes, just a succession of very little things. They date from the year the Phillips moved from the city to their present three country acres. There was a dairy farm across the way and Pam, then a toddler, discovered a pony on it. She approached with affection, and the pony responded by nipping her. She loved him no less. A little later on Pam was lifted onto a horse for the first time. If possible, she loved him even more than the pony. The horse promptly threw her. That did it: Pam began begging for a horse of her own.

Eventually she got him: Burnable, the big black gelding who shared 81's cover with her. Moreover, she got a stable and a paddock all her own (largely a do-it-yourself project of her father, and instruction from Miss Felicia Townsend at the Os Ridge club. In a little while Pam began to train Burnable as a jumper. He has had no other teacher.

But, as Pamela was soon to be reminded, there is more to this life than jumping horses. There is, her father said severely, schoolwork. At the first sign that Pamela's was suffering, Burnable would have to go. Pamela could take a hint: she was consistently high marks at school, participated in such other school sports as basketball and

hockey, was elected president of the seventh grade and, just weeks ago, vice-president of the eighth.

When, in September, Pamela won the blue ribbon at Piping Rock and thus qualified for the Garden, she seemed to have outwitted fate on all fronts. Then, just before the National, Burnable bruised a leg in jumping.

Another horse, a chestnut named Mr. Brookville, was offered to Pamela and she accepted. Burnable got his name in the program, but that was all. He missed the great moment of entering the Garden ring.

As soon as she could, Pamela hurried to the stable to tell Burnable all about the Garden and its excitements, what it was like to enter the ring for the first time before a comparative handful of spectators on Saturday morning and then to ride Mr. Brookville out before the filled stands on Sunday afternoon. She spoke as glowingly about Mr. Brookville as one can in discussing one gelding with another, carefully pointing out that it was no real fault of Mr. Brookville that he refused jumps in two events.

If Burnable had any thoughts on the subject, he was discreet enough to react as he always does when his young mistress has a confidential talk with him. As Pamela puts it:

"He just listens."

CY YOUNG

WHEN DEATH COMES to one of base ball's great men, they place a green wreath beneath his plaque in the Cooperstown Hall of Fame. Two weeks ago they laid one under the bronze tablet bearing the name Clark Griffith. Last week it was Cy Young's turn.

There are a lot of things you can say about old Cy: how he came out of the Ohio hills to win more ball games (511) than any pitcher in baseball history, pitched three major league no-hitters, threw the first World Series pitch, won 20 or more games for 14 consecutive years and five times won at least 30. Or you could say that he was sent up to the majors in trade for \$250 and a suit of clothes and never was paid more than \$5,000 for a season.

But most of what made Denton True Young one of the real great ones—his arm and his heart—can be told in two little stories.

One concerns how he received his nickname. Trying out for Canton, Ohio of the old Tri-State League in 1890, Young was pitching to the team's big slogger, who was backed up against the grandstand because no catcher was

around. At the end of the workout ("He didn't even hit a foul off me," Young said), the Canton owner asked his manager how the rookie had done. The manager just pointed over to the grandstand where Young's fast ball had splintered the boards on the wall—and made the place "look like a cyclone had just passed by."

"After that," Young said, "they always called me Cy."

The other story is about a chair. It was a big, soft, easy rocking chair in a hilltop house just outside Newcomestown, Ohio, and it was the spot old Cy retired to in 1934 after his wife Bobby died. "For almost a quarter of a century we walked hand in hand through baseball," he used to say. "From up here I can look down on the little churchyard where Bobby is buried. I can just stay here, waiting for the day when I can join her."

Last week, 88 years old and not feeling too well, old Cy sat down in his chair and looked out over the churchyard for the last time.

THE SANTEE SITUATION

WHEN SANTEE, the great mile runner, has been suspended by the Amateur Athletic Union. The reason: he violated the rules governing the amount of expense money an amateur athlete may legitimately accept to pay the costs of travel and subsistence. The effect: Santee may never run again, and that would mean he would miss the 1956 Olympic Games.

The facts in the case are reasonably

clear. Last May Santee flew from his home in Kansas to California and there, between May 14 and May 22, competed in three track meets. He received a total of \$3,127.85 in expense money. This was obviously more than the cost of his round-trip air travel plus \$15 per diem expenses (the maximum the AAU allows.) Therefore the AAU suspended him.

It's as simple as that, except that it isn't, really. Prominent amateur runners have received more than the legal limit of expenses for decades. It is a common, if not widely publicized, practice. Santee's crime would seem to be that he made it too obvious. He is an egocentric young man, whose entire life revolves about his running ability. Where running was for Roger Barnister a means of escape, of violent but harmless self-expression, it is for David Wesley Santee a way of life. He runs in every track meet he can. Because he is such a great runner he is a valuable gate attraction and meet directors eagerly seek his acceptance of their invitations. Expense money flows Santee's way. People talk about it. People write about it. Investigation follows, and suspension.

Santee has appealed the suspension. His defense is no denial of the amount of expense money he received or a denial that it is technically in excess of the maximum amount allowed. But he holds that the maximum allowed is unrealistic, that he is a top-flight athlete whose name is widely known and that everywhere he goes he is constantly in

continued on next page



"Answer me! Was my hair white at the start of the season?"

demand to appear at schools, at track clinics, at luncheons and dinners, on radio and television. He holds that an athlete of his stature simply cannot live in a good hotel, eat in decent restaurants, fulfill his obligations and still stay within the AAU maximum of \$12 a day for living expenses, plus \$3 a day for incidentals.

In this, of course, Santee is right. Ask any traveling businessman how far \$12 or \$15 a day takes him. But the question arises: how amateur is an amateur who finds it necessary to travel that much and spend that much?

That is the crux of the problem. In any other major sport, and many minor ones, there is a professional outlet for the athlete who continues in competition past the time most of his youthful companions are retiring from sport to earn a living. This holds true for baseball, football, tennis, basketball, golf, even figure skating and swimming. But what is there for the great track and field athlete to do as he approaches the full flowering of his abilities in his mid-30s? He can go on as an amateur or he can quit. If he is to go on and compete to the best of his ability (and there is no other way to compete) he must devote hours each day to training, and concentrate most of his attention on his running (or jumping, or vaulting or whatever). He is then past being a so-called Simon-pure amateur. Running is no longer a pastime; it is a career, one which involves financial problems beyond those facing the ordinary amateur.

There it is. Runners like Santee are more than amateurs and yet are not professionals. Unless the laws governing the sport are broadened and clarified the problem will not end with the suspension of Santee and the destruction of his superb career just as it approaches its peak, any more than it did when Paavo Nurmi was suspended, or Jesse Owens or Gunder Haegg. Other young men coming to greatness will face the same difficulties, be burdened with a like feeling of guilt if they accept too much expense money, the same economic burden if they don't.

The world does change; perhaps it's time the rules do, too.

HAIRY ONE CARNAL?

THIS IS the way Professor Chase tends his story of Violate Hunkings: Dole stork-barker worse rat. Former Hunkings ascended tutor Carnal's wick-

et preposition, an fur lung, Violate, stepping historically, an wet better tarses strumming danner chicks, worse beaming Messes Gat-retch. Censor fodder worse too stenchy too heifer wadding. Violate enter Carnal war stunning inner office offer jester offer pace, lessening tutor jester raiding deer fetal wars:

"Carnal, door yore tick disk worming furrier awful wallf!"

"Shore, setter stork-barker."

"Violate, door yore tick disk carnal furrier awful horsebarn?"

"Y-Yap," set Violate, stepping historically.

Purple shirker lets an set:

"Water sham! Suture putty gull an azure dicker-pated oiled badger lore! Suture think shunt hopping tare goats gull back Violate!"

"Pure Violate! Violate's garner hay armory aboard inter gelded ketch!"

Hairy Parkings worse melen colic, butter worse disgorged, any set tomb shelf:

"Carnal Gat-retch's jester cat-sapper hoe cat-napped rear sweat-hard. Wall, just waiter wife—propa Hairy Parkings kin deer ladle rat-snapping ham shelf."

Servile wicks pest.

Wan dock goat, wife Violate's horsebarn worse aware honor baseness trap. Hairy gutter lung larder, an clammed ope toe Violate's bet run windrow.

"Violate!" Hairy whiskered. "Germ pup! Itch yore loader! Itch Hairy?"

Violate, herring debt farm oiler verse, lipped otter bet, pot-honor putty ladle bet run slobber an expansive four-laned, hem-an-brooded horse court, an cam tutor windrow.

"Lemen, Violate," set Hairy, "armor goring aware. Armor goring tumor groin-murder's form, darning Messy-soapy, an armor garner peck carton fur mar groin-murder. Peck yore bags, Violate! Gad other disk gelded ketch! Cham danner larder, an wall goiter parter darn toe Messy-soapy?"

Furry mint, Violate dint yonder-stander loader's preposition; den, wetter harpy, harpy bark honor phase, shay set:

"Yore rat, Hairy. Arm jester pore ladle rock gull—ornery aboard inner gelded ketch. Bought O bers! Water swell ketch! Dun heifer leader pag! Dun heifer mail-car caw an sweep otter cow staple! Dun heifer feeder checkings an gadder aches an peck warns offer vestibules! Dun heifer doe not watching an earning, dun heifer warden hearnes an maker bets an wash-er dishes! Door yore thank armor-garner fier ware firm oil disk lechery! Known date! Sardilly nut! An lemen, Hairy; hersey ladle gat adverse: Wile yore darning Messy-soapy, dun stater peck carton furrier groin-murder. Kipper worse firmer form, an finer swell possession inner stork-barker's office. Sell storks an bars, an maggot million dollars. Den comb beek tumor windrow wet yore larder!"

SPECTACLE

COUNTRY FAIR: INDIA

The last photographs taken by Ylla, world-famous animal photographer, were of this fair, 100 miles south of New Delhi

Once a year, on the fifth day of the moon in a month when the wheat has been harvested and the fields are bare, as many as 15,000 persons from all the villages in Bharatpur gather at Saini for their annual three-day fair. A 14-man committee of *sambardars* (village chieftains) directs the fair and its events—racing on bicycles, camels, horses and bullock carts, wrestling, dancing and singing of devotional music. In essence, the fair at the ancestral village of the Maharajah of Bharatpur is much like those at Danbury, Connecticut or Rutland, Vermont—even to the primitive, hand-turned Ferris wheel, called a *rehast*. But India can also be modern, and for a look at some Western trends on that nation's sporting front, turn to page 19 and a report by SI Correspondent Alexander Campbell.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YLLA





THIS Gaily decorated bullock, wearing the multicolored cloth called "dhoti," plows over





THE CROWDED FAIRGROUNDS



CORNUSTY MATRONS, their faces shrouded against the gaze of men, proudly carry their child and a mass of silver arm ornaments called *bhatgal*.



WRESTLERS COMPETE for the Maharajah's prize, 400 rupees (\$64), and the right to keep for a year a silver mace which is modeled after that carried by the monkey god, Hanuman.



DANCING is a big part of the fair too, and this boy is one of many who draw crowds with skilled exhibitions of traditional village dances. Bharatpur also is famous for its drum dance.



BULLOCK CARTS, like Roman chariots, line up before the big race under the direction of a village chieftain (left of center, above). The bullocks were dragging loads the day before and, quite obviously, are not built for speed. Drawing their carts

(below), the animals reach about 10 miles an hour. The picture below is the last ever taken by Ylla, who was photographing the race from the hood of a slow-moving jeep when it struck an obstruction and pitched her to the ground, injuring her fatally.



INDIA'S GIRLS: FROM PURDAH TO THE PLAYING FIELDS

by ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

WHILE INDIA CHERISHES the past, its people are fast becoming accustomed to living in a modern world. And, while they still play the old games Ylla photographed, they are also caught up in a social revolution in sports—a trend so far-reaching in India it has even touched the women.

Twenty-two young women trooped onto the field at New Delhi's National Sports Stadium recently for the first all-India women's football match. They wore short divided skirts, blue or maroon jerseys, and their braided black hair was tied with red ribbons. A thousand fans rose in the stands to cheer as Bombay's comely Bessie de Souza, 19-year-old captain of the Blues, won the toss and admonished her team: "Now girls, remember, no charging, jumping, pushing, knocking or tripping." Bessie's Blues beat the Maroons, captained by 16-year-old Rita Mokerjee, three goals to two.

Before World War II, most Indian girls, whether Hindu or Moslem, were kept in strict purdah. They dared not show their faces in public and were not supposed even to possess legs. Today they play most games, including polo. In Delhi last month glamorous Indian film stars donned pads to play cricket. One went to bat in a shalwar (knee-length silk tunic) and pajama trousers, and 2,000 of her fans rushed the umpire when he declared her out.

"The football field has been hitherto an exclusively masculine domain," says Begum Aizaz Rahaut, president of the All-India Women's Hockey Association. "I am glad Indian women are coming forward to take their rightful place. They are developing a sense of discipline, teamwork and tolerance." Says Mrs. Sucheta Kripalani, wife of India's Socialist leader Acharya Kripalani and herself a member of parliament: "I wish them all success."

Indian men have been playing Western games for a long time (India's first touring cricket team went abroad in 1886) but until recently Western sports were confined to an Indian upper crust closest to British rulers. The British themselves picked up polo from Indian princes and many a maharajah's or nawab's son has wielded a straight bat and bowled a wicked ball on the playing fields of Eton. The roll call of India's crack cricketers reads like a list of blue-blooded names from *Father's* society page.

But Western sports are rapidly filtering down to those below. Young Indians formerly took their physical culture in the form of yoga exercises. They would sit long hours with their right feet on their left thighs and their left feet on their right thighs, breathing deeply and concentrating on the tips of their noses. But today every school and

college in India has Western-style athletics. The result is that low-caste students with good muscular development fearlessly bruise many a contemplative Brahmin in the burly-burly of Western sports.

To encourage further growth of Western sports, India's minister of women's health, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, recently coaxed to her country the British soccer coach, Ron Meades, and the Czech table tennis expert, Victor Barna. The India Volleyball Association invited a Russian volleyball coach. Not to be outdone, the United States has sent a basketball expert as well as Swimmer Sammy Lee, Pole Vaulter Bob Richards, Sprinter Jesse Owens and Olympic Decathlon Champion Robert Mathias. Indians freely hint that these sporting visitors from the free world have done the West more good than many speeches about democracy. (One Russian soccer team, on the other hand, somewhat marred Indo-Soviet relations by leaving their boots lying about on their hosts' beds and discarding banana peels in lavatory bowls.)

Though India has many soccer associations, and tournaments are regularly played in all cities, the standard of play remains low. Indians do better at field hockey. They won the event in the 1932 Olympics and this year in a strenuous 14-week tour of New Zealand and Australia, the Delhi Wanderers played 28 matches, lost only one and scored a total of 203 goals to their opponents' 23.

Last year India (with Indian women participating) carried off four gold medals for the high jump, discus and hammer throw, 110-meter race and women's relay race in the Inter-Asian games at Manila. This year at Wimbledon, India's Ramanathan Krishnan lost to Chile's Luis Ayala in the third round and India's Naresh Kumar lost to Terry Trabert in the fourth round. In the quarter-finals of the doubles, the Indians lost to Australia's Rex Hartwig and Lew Head. In the interstate finals for the Thomas Cup, the world badminton championship, India beat the U.S. this year, six matches to three.

But cricket is still the Western game in which Indians excel. In March of this year an India cricket team toured Pakistan and played 14 test and provincial matches. All five test matches were drawn. In the sacred name of cricket the Pakistan government lifted nearly all travel restrictions and, for the first time since partition, thousands of Indians poured into Pakistan without being elbowed by suspicious officials on both sides of the border. Explained Iskander Mirza, Pakistan's minister of interior affairs, "Nehru and I are both keen cricketers." (CWB)

GREAT DAY FOR

It was a week in which the five bulldozers of major college football—Maryland, Michigan State, Oklahoma, West Virginia and UCLA—continued their crunching way through what little opposition is left them, as did the heroes from Trinity, Alfred, College of Emporia, Heidelberg, Idaho State, Centre, Juniata, Muskingum

and 16 other small colleges whose 1955 records are still immaculate.

But, above all, last Saturday was a great day to be back on the old campus in such collegiate way stations as Cambridge, New Haven, Champaign, Knoxville and Berkeley. It was a day when the overmatched boys at

ILLINOIS 25
MICHIGAN 6

"How good is Michigan, really?" has been a favorite football question ever since the Wolverines squeaked past Michigan State on the second weekend of its season. Illinois, which had already lost three of its four conference games, may have provided the answer last Saturday. The Illini ran all over their disorganized visitors from Ann Arbor, accumulating 461 yards from scrimmage against only 190. The final score was a perfectly fair measure of the difference between the two teams that day, but it must be remembered that ever since the time of Red Grange, Illinois has enjoyed during a favored Michigan team to Champaign for an afternoon of humiliation.

Much of last week's effectiveness at Champaign came from the performance of Bob Mitchell, a skinny substitute sophomore halfback who helped break up the half-time tie of 6-6 by carrying the ball 178 yards in 10 tries after he entered the game in the third quarter. Part of it came from the dismal failure of Michigan's passing attack to its two great ends, Ron Kramer and Tom Maerz, who caught only three of 21 passes for 17 yards.

But there is nothing quite like knocking over a Rose Bowl favorite, and Champaign loved the feeling. Now the Wolverines are tied with Michigan State for the Big Ten lead, and after their earlier wobbly victories over Northwestern, Minnesota and Iowa, the conference is wondering if Michigan has lucked out for the last time.

YALE 14
ARMY 12

Yale and Army have played football together off and on since 1893, but this year's game was to be the last of a memorable series because of an Ivy League theory that its teams are no longer tough enough for such high-powered outside competition. Last year the Cadets verified this theory by a 48-7 score. This year, with All-America End Don Holleder at quarterback, Army moved into the Yale Bowl as a three-touchdown favorite.

Early in the game the point spread looked justified. Army dominated the first quarter and sent a couple of Yale first-stringers limping to the sidelines. At the start of the second quarter they took only five running plays to move 55 yards for their first touchdowns, but they missed the conversion.

All of a sudden, the Elis forgot their Ivy League manners. Their line out-charged the Cadets, their backs ran around and sometimes over Army tacklers. They built a 14-6 lead, and it wasn't until five minutes before the end that Holleder completed his first three passes for a second touchdown, but it was too late. With temperatures on the field running high—and even higher among the 61,000 seated in the Bowl—Yale ended the series as they started it: ahead.

Depressed but not discouraged, Don Holleder told what it is like to be a quarterback: "Well, sir, you have a lot more responsibility, but I think I'm beginning to get the hang of it. The trouble is on a day like today, if you have nowhere to pass the ball, you just can't run with it if they rush you like that. That's when it's tough."



YALE'S DON HOLLERDER (10) WATCHES HIS CARL WINNED CONVERSION AGAINST ARMY

OLD GRADS

by ALFRED WRIGHT

home ripped up the form charts and turned their dreams of glory into gleeful reality (see below). Football, they were showing the country, is still a game of marvelous surprise, where the emotions of one unexpected victory, even one long run such as that of a Penn back against Notre Dame, can cure an entire season of frustration.



LONGEST RUN of the year: Frank Riepl of Penn going 100 yards for touchdown after taking Notre Dame's opening kickoff.

TENNESSEE 7
GEORGIA TECH 7

They are rebuilding football at Tennessee this year under Coach Bowden Wyatt, who learned his craft from General Bob Neyland, the university's football father. Last Saturday another Neyland protégé, Coach Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech, brought the nation's eighth-ranking team to Knoxville to show 47,600 homecoming rooters how far their new movement had to go. As the old grads were settling in their seats, the Volunteers marched straight to a touchdown in nine plays. Then they held on doggedly until Tech eventually tied the score in the fourth quarter. But all around Knoxville you'd have thought the Tennessee youth movement had already arrived.

CALIFORNIA 20
WASHINGTON 6

After dropping a humiliating 47-0 drubbing to UCLA two weeks ago, Coach Lynn Waldorf, who not so long ago had sent three consecutive California teams to the Rose Bowl, growled: "Nine of these days we got to get back into this conference." The once-Golden Bears had beaten only puny Pennsylvania when they entered their Memorial Stadium in Berkeley last Saturday against Washington, still regarded as an outside chance to upset UCLA and represent the West in the Rose Bowl.

With the score tied at half time, Pappy Waldorf turned over the chores to a third-string quarterback named Ralph Hoffman and two 140-pound halfbacks—Dann Smith and Nat Branstall. The 219-pound Washington line lumbered awkwardly in chase of this

undersized backfield but couldn't prevent third- and fourth-period touchdowns which gave the Bears their first conference victory of 1955 and the Pacific coast its biggest surprise of the season.

HARVARD 7
PRINCETON 6

Harvard is known as a November football team, which means it drifts aimlessly through its schedule until it is time to play Princeton and Yale for the Big Three title. Princeton likes to win them all and had a perfect 4-0 Ivy League record until it went to Cambridge last Saturday. But the Tigers lacked the services of Royce Flippin, their captain and star tailback who has been crippled with a trick knee and

has confined his activity to three plays against Columbia and winning the pregame flip of the coin in every game so far. Nonetheless, Princeton had reason to regard Harvard as merely a warmup for next week's Yale game.

It was dark and rainy in Harvard Stadium, but most of Princeton's gloom came from a pair of Harvard halfbacks, Dexter Lewis and James Joslin. When Joslin threw an eight-yard pass to Lewis for the Crimson's third-period touchdown, William E. Crosby III came in to kick the extra point. When Princeton's Dick Martin missed his team's conversion with only 2½ minutes left to play, it meant the Tigers' first loss at Cambridge in 18 years. The rain was scarcely enough to dampen Harvard joy at the prospects of keeping the Big Three title. **END**



JUBILANT LINE carry center Ray Clust from field after victory over Michigan.



MANAGER CASEY STENGEL DRAVES SPOTLIGHT AT TOKYO PRESS-CLUB LUNCH WITH PRETTY ENTERTAINER HIRAO KONO, WHO WAS UNWRAPPED

WOMEN WEAR COLORFUL KIMONOS TO GAME



MICKY VENTURE WAS HERE TO JAPANESE DESPITE STRIKING OUT THREE TIMES IN ONE GAME



YANKS CAPTURE JAPAN

The Dodgers may have won the Series but in Japan the New York Yankees are still the champions of the world. The honored descendants of Ruth were greeted, fêted and cheered by millions, and everybody had a wonderful time

by CURTIS PRENDERGAST

IT WAS 10 minutes of 4 one day last week in the Japanese city of Nagoya, and out at Chunichi Stadium the baseball game was in the last of the eighth. Tommy Stoddvart was pitching for the New York Yankees; Nagoya's Chunichi Dragons had the bases loaded, two out, and the count three-and-two on the batter. Casey Stengel was already clomping up out of the dugout, and all Nagoya that wasn't at the ball park leaned closer to the radio.

At precisely this moment a young bank robber ran into a downtown Nagoya bank, scooped up 2 million yen and jumped into a waiting taxi. The engine stalled and that was that—but until then the bank robber had been working on eminently sound principle. That is, there's no better time to hold a Japanese bank than when everybody in town has his mind on Casey Stengel and the Yankees.

Japan has seen a lot of American major leaguers, starting with John McGraw and Charlie Coniskey back in 1913, going up through Stengel himself in 1925, Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig in 1934, and Mrs. DiMaggio just last year.

But the current six-week Hawaii, Japan, Okinawa, Philippines and Guam tour is the first time the Yankees have ever come out to the Orient as a team; for the Japanese, who take baseball with a combination of holy dedication and bizarre innovation completely their own, this has presented numerous opportunities.

The promoters have been able to figure a way of throwing in the first ball appropriate to the age: dropping it from an airplane sweeping low over second base. The Japanese public has been able to paw their heroes happily in delirious mob scenes; a few have even been able to invade the Yankee dugout and get autographs from a team that seems to do nothing between times at bat except wear out fountain pens (literally) signing boxfuls of souvenir baseballs.

FOR MORE YANKS IN PICTURES: TURN PAGE
TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



FROM BIG BOB ADDRESSING "FOR SA' CASE"



DAFFER MAN, BIG LIT BOY WATCH FOR FLY

YANKEES IN JAPAN *continued*

They were there to play baseball, and play baseball they did. But in between—when they were not at official receptions or making theater appearances—the Yankees and their wives had fun being tourists. They visited tearooms, tried out chopsticks, went shopping for kimonos and were entertained by geisha



FRITZ SAATCHI AND HIS WIFE IN TOKYO WITH JOHN LINDSTROM.



YANKEES ON STAGE of Nippon Theatre in Tokyo grin in amazement as left-hander Whitey Ford accepts bouquet of flowers from tiny Japanese girl wearing elaborate kimono.

YANKEE AT PARTY In their honor at Tokyo's Nikkatsu Hotel were welcomed by Hiraku Watanabe of newspaper sponsoring tour. Here he greets Yogi Berra and Yogi's wife Carmen.





LOOKS BY N. HILBRAND AND FANN INFELDER TAKE INSPIRE OF HER STRENGTH, STERN TENDER OUT AT HIM IN BRIDELY GRIMACE



YANKS IN TEAHOUSE are saki-yaki, drakendo, watched geisha sing and dance. Flicher Tom Morgan, with wife, Wanda, laughs as he is fooled by geisha's cat's-crade trick.

YANKS IN KIMONO SHOP include GE McDoagald (lower left) who watches wife Lucille (center) and Wanda Morgan try on kimono. Price is 43,000 yen, or about \$124.

HORSES, HEROES AND GODFREY

Amid trumpets and top hats the nation's best horses and riders entered into competition on the East and West coasts. San Francisco's Cow Palace echoed to the hoofs of quick cutting ponies and crack Chilean cavalry, while New York's Madison Square Garden offered the glitter of high society, a TV star in a new role and a heroic Mexican veteran of international jumping.



COURAGEOUS COMPETITOR. General Humberto Mañón of Mexico won fearless classes in Garden despite painful broken cecum.

TOP-HATTED OFFICIALS Wilbur Stee, Andrew M. Montgomery and General Alfred G. Tuckerman watch National in New York.





ARTHUR GOREY SHOWS OFF TRICKS, DESCRIBES THEM ON PORTABLE MINE

EMILE'S GREEN DRAGOONS FORM A HORSE-BORNE PYRAMID AT CON. PALACE





FAMILY CREW. HOWARD POPPELS OF FORT PIERCE, FLA., AND THINE FRANCES AND FELIX, WATER LATECOMERS FROM THEIR SUNABOUT BEFORE

YOUNG MARINER Henry Slatrunk, 18, of Tampa, wears pint-sized craft, a 9-footer. Traveling alone, Henry ran aground twice.

TAMPA HOUSEWIFE Mrs. Angie Henderson has trip's best take under yachting cap, once caught a bass which had been kicked unconscious by Koolhausa cow.

CONSERVATION AGENTS Ronald Purden, Newt Chase and Robert Pfister sip coffee after day



KISSIMMEE BOAT RIDE

The captains and crews of 500 pleasure craft from 22 states and Canada cruise the Kissimmee Valley's historic waterways and savor a long weekend of spray kicking and camping in Florida's annual Boat-a-Cade

PHOTOGRAPHER BY MICITON ATLANTA



GOING AHEAD FOR A FISH FRY AS JOURNEY'S END

of helping boaters in distress. Most trouble centers in tricky navigational waters that threaten to take blowholes, where many run aground.



OUTBOARD MOTOR KING Ralph Ertz and recent bride, Steger Frances Langford, dock earlier for midday break. After two days on small boat the happy-manners boarded Ertz's 318-foot yacht Chestnut to finish four-day outing.

CONVERSATION PIECE:

SUBJECT: STIRLING MOSS

by PAUL DEUTSCHMAN

At 26 Stirling Moss is one of the world's great racing drivers. He is president of his own firm, waxes poetic when he thinks of the "exhilaration of acceleration" and uses phrases such as "Oh, cracky!"

MOTOR RACING," said Stirling Crawford Moss, the handsome, bony-cheeked lad on the opposite page who at 26 is one of the world's great racing drivers, "isn't one of the arts, but I think it's as near to art as you can get, mechanically. There's a kind of poetry of motion to it, a feeling of rhythm, of perfect balance. When I was a kid, I used to enter a lot of steeplechase races—my sister Pat did too, and the balance between driver and motor, to my mind, is very similar to that between rider and horse.

"I suppose people race because of the terrific challenge involved. You try to conquer something—like climbing Mount Everest. But speed itself isn't the great stimulation. After all, speed's a relative thing—you can get as much thrill spinning at 39 miles an hour as you can get going a hundred on a straightaway. It's really the acceleration that's important. There's what I call the exhilaration of acceleration—and usually it comes when you're going around a corner. One of my most exhilarating experiences was in my first race in a Mercedes, in Argentina last January—when I opened the accelerator while cornering and could feel that the wheels were at their absolute limit of drift and I came within one foot of the side of the road. It is a fantastic experience, when you feel you've reached the absolute speed you can get with the absolute wheelpin."

It is an experience, incidentally, that Moss has enjoyed with satisfying regularity during the past year. In the season just ended he finished second only to the great Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina in the world Grand Prix standings. The two, Moss supposedly not yet ready, Fangio the master, were each other's principal competition, even though, as drivers for Mercedes, they were teammates. Moss beat Fangio four times, once in a Grand Prix event and three times in sports car races. The first and greatest time was last May, when Moss became the first Englishman ever to win the Mille Miglia, racing his sports car over the tortuous, twisting 1,600-mile Italian course at an incredible 58 mph clip, a new record.

Out of his car, Moss hardly slows down. During a recent visit to his office, the walls of which are plastered with pin-ups of scantily clad starlets and pictures of Jaguars, Coopers, Maseratis and Mercedes-Benets, he moved restlessly about the narrow room as two secretaries hatted away furiously on typewriters. Occasionally he brought his lithe-muscled, quarterback frame to a halt behind one or another of the girls, to scan—is a quick, executive moment

—the letter she was writing. "We get over 8,000 requests for photographs a year," he said to his American visitor. "We're Stirling Moss, Limited—became a limited company in January '51 and we're equipped to handle anything from a pin to a steam roller. Right now, it's only motor racing—but later on, it might be anything.

"People are much more enthusiastic about racing in England than in the States, you know. The spirit's different. In America you have chiefly Indianapolis and dirt tracks and you can understand why amateurs don't want to race there. We have more opportunities to race here and there's not much difference between a professional and some amateur who spends every spare shilling on cars. Last year, there were over 10,000 competitors' licenses issued in England."

A phone rang. Moss signed to a secretary to take the call. "Oh, cracky?" he said to his visitor. "We'll never have a chance to talk. Look, let's get out of here and have a cup of tea."

He moved quickly out through the narrow doorway and onto the roof. The office is a kind of modest penthouse above a small building on William IV Street, in downtown London. On the first floor, Moss dipped open a door. "Is Pop here?" he asked a girl in a white nurse's uniform.

"No, Stirling, not yet."

He shut the door. "That's my father's office. At least, one of them. He's a dentist and has eight surgeries scattered around town. You really ought to talk to Pop—he's president of the British Racing and Sports Car Club and, you know, he raced at Indianapolis back in '24 and '25, in a Fronty-Ford. The 'Racing Dentist,' they called him. He won 15th place the first year. And ask him to show you that picture of himself taken with Henry and Edsel Ford, Barney Oldfield, Cliff Durant, the Chevrolet brothers—practically every famous, old-time American automobile figure is in it and it's a collector's item."

A young man in a hurry, Moss skittered across the street, his visitors panting behind him through the rain, and led the way into a Lyons Tea Shoppe. Seated at a corner table, Moss began sipping tea, in the quick, intense but not nervous motions that mark almost everything he does. Then he leaned back, carefully fitted a cigarette into a silver-and-black holder and lit it up.

"Racing, for me," Moss said, "brings the satisfaction of doing something really well, and with rhythm—such as

continued on page 53



How to tell **California Saddle Leather**



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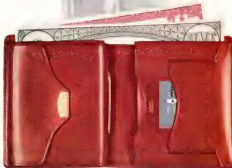
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DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE SCREECH OWL

by JOHN O'REILLY

Though his history is full of dread and superstition, this little ball of feathers is actually a useful, mellifluous and fascinating bird of night

FALL TIME is owl time. As the nights grow crisp and the migratory birds hustle southward, owls become more in evidence. It is at this time of the year that Americans are most apt to encounter the screech owl, the country's best-known member of this family of night operators.

Screech owls, being nonmigratory, are around at all times of the year, but in the fall they bestir themselves and move about in search of winter quarters. As a result people find them in all sorts of unexpected places. When they see this small, furtive figure in the dusk or hear its drawn-out, quavering cry, they react in one of two ways. They either experience a feeling of dread or one of delight. It is astonishing that two schools of reaction to owls should persist in enlightened America—but they do.

The origins of the dread school go back farther than anyone can trace. Pliny, the Roman nature man, gave the screech owl a terrible billing.

"The Scritch Owl," says an early translation of his commentary, "always betokeneth some heavey newes, and is most soverable and accursed. In summer he is the very monster of the night, neither singing out cleare, but uttering a certain heavey groane of doleful mourning, and therefore if he be seene to flie ahead in any place it prognosticateth some fearful misfortune."

Members of the delight school take just the opposite view. They look upon this 10-inch bird with the sprightly ear tufts as a cheery, almost comical creature. They like to have it around for numerous reasons. They point out that there is nothing sinister about the bird, not even its voice. In fact, if you listen closely to its call you learn that it is not a screech at all but has a soft, liquid tone as the notes run down the scale. It was John Burroughs, the romanticist of the woods, who contended that the song of the screech owl is the most beautiful sound in nature.

Economically the screech owl is definitely a delight. Investigations of their stomach contents have proved that the greater part of their food consists of insects. They also dine on mice, frogs, lizards and some smaller birds.

Unaware of either school, the screech owl, *Otus asio*, makes itself at home in almost all sections of the country,

extending into both Canada and Mexico. Scientists have delineated 15 subspecies, but mostly their differences are so slight they are apparent only to the scientific eye.

The screech owls of the eastern states, however, provide a choice of two colors, red and gray. This is not a racial difference, but is a color phase which is hard to explain, being unrelated to either age or sex. Even the same family may contain both the reddish-brown owls and the gray ones. In the Northwest there is a similar phenomenon, but there the color phases are gray and dark brown.

A scientist friend of mine near Beenton, N.J., reached into the hollow of an elm tree one day and pulled out a gray screech owl. Being of the delight school, he banded the bird and turned it loose. About a week later he happened to think of his owl and went back to the tree. He pulled out a screech owl all right, but it was a red one. He turned it loose and later went back to the tree again. This time he pulled out a gray screech owl, but it had no band. The fourth time he went back he found the original banded owl in the hollow. These maneuvers proved that there were at least three different owls using the same hollow tree, apparently on a first-come-first-served basis.

There comes a time when the young of the screech owl emerge into the world of moonlight and shadow. Sometimes they sit in a row like so many knots on the limb, waiting for their parents to bring them food. It is at this time that the adult screech owls, weighing only six or seven ounces, become fierce out of all proportion to their size. Out of the black of night this small feathered fury will swoop down on silent wings and fly at the head of the unwitting passerby, sometimes knocking his hat off or at least scaring him out of seven years' growth.

If the innocent victim happens to be a member of the dread school, he will tear home and live in apprehension for weeks lest the curse of the screech owl do him harm. If he is a member of the delight school he is apt to switch over to the dread side for a few minutes until he can collect his wits. Then, with reason regained, he starts hunting around for those balls of feathers with the big, round eyes which he knows are not far away.

(END)

'IF YOU PLAY FOOTBALL RIGHT, IT WILL PLAY ITSELF RIGHT'



So says contented Dutch Meyer (left) of Texas Christian University, a man with an enviable record on and off the field, and he adds: 'The greatest enemy a coach has is the alumni body. They like him. They want to help him. And to prove it they're going to buy him a little talent here and there. If he lets them do it, he is digging his own grave'

by SETH KANTOR

ONE AFTERNOON last fall, unranked Texas Christian University was playing one of the nation's top teams, the University of Oklahoma. To the surprise of all who watched, it was a tight, tense contest. It was never tenser than at the moment when the Horned Frogs unleashed a 38-yard pass that a TCU halfback miraculously caught as he dove for it in the end zone.

The field judge, watching the play, signaled a touchdown. Fifty thousand spectators and the entire Oklahoma team thought it was a touchdown too—one that might well have meant the game. But two Texas Christian players felt differently. The ball, they told the official, had bounced and then been caught. Texas Christian, although it continued to lead offensively throughout the rest of the game and had the ball on Oklahoma's 7-yard line when the whistle blew, lost by 16-21.

To the Oklahoma coaching staff, the spectators and everybody else who saw or heard about it, this was an extreme case indeed of sticking to the letter of a principle. Anyone well acquainted with Texas Christian University, however, would be less surprised. Principle might well be the nickname of TCU's athletic director and longtime head coach, Leo Robert Meyer, had he not long ago acquired the affectionate tag of Dutch. And principle this year, too, has served him well. After scoring some of the season's more spectacular upsets—32-0 over Texas Tech; 21-19 over Miami (Florida)—and compiling a 6-1 record so far, the Horned Frogs are among the

nation's top 10 teams and pleasing everybody concerned: players, coaching staff, fans and alumni.

Still and all, it isn't easy, in a college surrounded by some of the biggest of the big-time teams, to adhere as rigidly to principle as Dutch Meyer does. In the football world of today, some of his rules sound as outmoded as the flying wedge: no recruitment of players; development of talent as it comes from the small cities and towns which are the natural reservoir of TCU's student body; no undue stress on victory and strict disregard of pressure for same from over-enthusiastic alumni—in a word, football as it was originally intended to be played: for sportsmanship and for fun.

FIFTY FOOTBALL SEASONS

Unlike Yale's President Whitney Griswold, who feels that such principles should be legislated into the game (SI, Oct. 17, 1955) Dutch Meyer believes that they will follow naturally if the game is played naturally—and he has been playing it that way, man and boy, for nearly 50 football seasons. He started as a tough, barefooted water boy, went on to become a flashing, 5-foot 7-inch star halfback, then coach, head coach and finally athletic director—all for Texas Christian University. He has not done badly. In his 19 years as head coach he guided three teams to the Southwest Conference championship and seven to bowl games. Time and again his Horned Frogs have risen to knock off teams ranked far higher than they. He took

a baseball-playing sophomore and turned out a passer named Sammy Baugh. He never made a lot of money at Texas Christian, and he never wanted to. He turned down offers to go to far more luxurious universities because he loved his Horned Frogs; and through it all he had fun.

In Dutch Meyer's philosophy, the most important thing for a coach is to know how to relax, once he is off the field and out of the game. On the field, Dutch is as intense and excitable as any man, shouting, cheering, weeping, trampling his hat into the grass when his team wins; but after the game he follows his precepts to the letter. "I made it a rule every Sunday to go to the country," he says, "to get away from football completely, no matter what happened on Saturday. I went to my farm south of town, where there was no telephone to answer, no water to fix, no animals to hunt. I just walked around, looked at a couple of cows, and cleared my head of football. Sunday can be the most frustrating, lonely day of all. Too late to play yesterday's game. Too early for tomorrow's scrimmage."

"I went up to see Bud Wilkinson at his home, when Bud was having some stomach trouble. I said, 'Bud, if you're half as smart as I think you are, you'll buy you 100 acres of that worthless Oklahoma sandy loam around here. You won't make money off it. You'll probably lose some. But you'll certainly live longer.' Bud took his Sundays too hard. Certainly Saturday couldn't have bothered him."

Dutch turned down the job at Oklahoma nine years ago. "We could have gone several places for much more money, but my late wife and I, bless her, were happy. You can't eat the money. You can't park it over the River. If a man is happy in his work and has a happy place to live, there is nothing else he can hope to have."

It was also 10 years ago that Dutch took on Abe Martin as assistant coach. "Abe would be my successor," he said. "I hand-picked him. He's a warm, folksy philosopher and every line on the team, down to the fifth string, goes all out for him."

"In the Alabama game this year, the Frogs were sluggish and tight in the first half. It was a nothing-something tie at the half, and Abe wandered into the dressing room, taking his time, chewing on his cigar a little, kind of glancing around at his worried-looking boys. 'Men,' he finally growled, 'you played the first half just exactly right. It would be just fine if you could give the second half a little just exactly rightier.'

"The boys thought about that for a couple of seconds, then all at once they began to laugh and the tension was gone. They scored 16-0 in the first four minutes of the second half and won the game 23-0."

"When we played Arkansas, it was our left tackle, Norm Hamilton, who is built like a fireplug but deceptively fast, who scored first. He intercepted a pass and ran 40 yards through a mesh. Vern Hallbeck, our fullback, had jumped high and tipped the ball to Hamilton and then big Vern went down, crashing to the ground and writhing around in obvious pain."

"When Vern did get up, he got up slowly, tears pouring down his cheeks.



JIM FINNEY IS FROG'S NEWEST RUNNING STAR

He insisted on staying in the game."

"He wasn't hurt. The sight of 200-lb. 220-pound Hamilton waddling quickly through all those players on the way to a score had struck him funny. He had simply dissolved up with laughter."

"The boys kept teasing themselves and had the game won, 26-0, in the last quarter, against a tough opponent. Abe was picking his bench clean. Even our reserves went steering 78 yards down the field. It was our ball on the Arkansas 1-yard-line, 25 seconds left in the game. The reserves fell into a little discussion in the huddle. 'Gentlemen, the cameras are ready,' Dick Finney said. 'He's a tough, little jowler, dead game. We are about to make history. Which one of you cheese-heads wishes to run the ball for a touchdown?' Nobody spoke up, our being just as modest as the other. Finney picked out Jim Shofner, a halfback. 'You, Jim, will be today's big

hero,' he said. 'Prepare a dressing room speech to the press and take the ball on a drive tackle. Bless you one and all and good afternoon.'

"They came hollering out of the huddle. The ball was snapped. Finney was hit by several hundred Arkansas linemen before he could hand off. He and Shofner and the ball wound up several feet from each other and the game was over."

"Good afternoon to you," one of our linemen laughed.

"Some things can happen than throwing an extra score away. I've known too many coaches who get interested in how a player can win Saturday's game. But Abe, drawing the boys to him like his cigar was a pled pipe, knew mostly about how they approach the other 45 days of the week. He helped them over the big problems and figures if they have all the right rules learned about life and play football right, then football will get itself played right."

Dutch Meyer and TCU are themselves the best proof of that statement. It was he who began the tradition of giant upsets and good sportsmanship at any cost at Texas Christian.

Dutch wanted to win more than anything else. He wanted particularly to win over Southern Methodist, his traditional rival. In 1948, Southern Methodist was favored to beat him soundly, especially with its Gil Johnson-to-Donk Walker passing attack.

Johnson was going into the game with a tightly bandaged bad knee. It would have been easy to tackle him hard and get him out of the way fast. Easy and customary. Instead, Dutch gave his underdogs explicit instructions not to hit the bandaged leg at any time. "Tackle him hard at the hips, smash that pass down, intercept the hell out of it," he shouted. "But don't cripple that leg."

They played the way he wanted it and almost got another big victory. Johnson surprised them, though, by running 22 yards in the final moments of the game and Southern Methodist tied it up 7-7 in a thrilling finish.

Dutch threw down his hat and smashed it with his foot and perhaps there were some among his players who thought that Johnson might have left the game a little earlier. But they learned a lesson anyway, because it was Dutch who was elected president of the American Football Coaches Association at the next election and also to the board of directors of football's Hall of Fame.

continued on next page



AS COACH, MEYER WAS FRIENDLY AND RELAXED IN TALKS TO HIS TEAM BETWEEN HALLOWS

DUTCH MEYER

continued from page 27



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"We get our upsies," he explains, "because we are forever the little fellow playing the big fellow. A desire to win right there. Our players usually come from little towns. They aren't usually big high school stars. They study hard and play football hard, because they're very unprofessional."

"We don't have an athletic dormitory like everyone else has these days. There's no reason to set a boy aside and especially glorify him because he's an athlete. We just have a small-town atmosphere all over the place."

The campus, five miles southwest of downtown Fort Worth, has 4,300 students now, almost an all-time high enrollment. The nightlie structure on campus this year is Hugh Pitts, the finest center Texas Christian has had since KJ Aldridge in 1938 and an outstanding example of Dutch Meyer's ability to build players.

"HE PLAYS HIS HEART OUT"

"You don't have to bring in the coal miners and the midwest farmers," he says. "You find the All-America boy on the high school let around the corner. You just teach him and like him and he plays his heart out for you."

"For example, there's a town named Rusk, where a fellow named Jim Swink went to high school. He was an 'A' student and president of his class, which was what we liked, and the only thing we knew about his athletics, firsthand, was when Allie White, our line coach, saw him play a game as a junior. Not football. But basketball. All Allie could see out there on that court was a boy dribbling like a broken-field runner. He saw speed and endurance and he figured that would work on a football field, too."

Swink weighs 180, stands 6 foot 1, is a geology major. Today he is the best runner in Texas Christian history and very similar to Don Walker. "Stares and steps just as quick," says Meyer. "He drives harder than Walker in tight spots, which could be a liability. Walker used to relax and play it safe when they had him herded in. Another thing, Jim Swink has great acceleration. All outstanding runners must have that. And he has split vision. He can find a hole in the opposite direction from the one he's moving in and get there."

"We have a problem with him, though. The sportswriters don't see how you can be much of a great runner without having a nickname."

"They've tried everything from 'Swanky Swink' to 'The Rask Rambler' to 'Home James Swink.' Somebody suggested 'Swink, the Cleet Star Named Duane.' But nothing seems to catch on. Too bad, I guess."

It's men like Swink and Pitts and Singin' Sammy Baugh, of course, who help the Horned Frogs to avoid the pressure of victory-hungry alumni which makes life so difficult for other big-time coaches; but more even than these star players, Dutch Meyer's own strict principles are responsible for keeping Texas Christian's slate clean of recruiting sins. "The greatest enemy a coach has," says he, in a statement which might well make his colleague, Woody Hayes of Ohio State, turn pale (SI, Oct. 24, 1955), "is the alumni, especially if they like him real well."

"They like him. They want to help



ARE MARTIN IS TCU'S COACH

him. And to prove it, they're going to buy him a little talent here and there. If he lets them do it, he's digging his own grave; because then they figure that if he wins games, well, he should win, considering the talent they've gotten him. If he loses, he's even more of a bum than they thought all along."

"You have to be strict from the beginning. If you let one old grad help you, you've set a precedent. And as far as I'm concerned, if you let a kid take a bribe to come to your school, you've corrupted his whole outlook on life and the spirit of football. What fun is there in winning with professional players, anyway? The greatest satisfaction in college football is being able to play the game with just plain old kids who have prepared their level best to win clean and hard on that Saturday afternoon."

"If a coach has exerted a proper influence on his players and has gotten the maximum out of his material, he'll get his rewards. Not money, maybe; not the biggest headlines every week, not the longest list of candidates for the pro draft, but just the simple knowledge that he's done a grand job for everybody." (SI, 10/24/55)

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

Games of Saturday, Nov. 12

• **Ohio State vs. Iowa:** Hard-luck Hawkeyes finally came into their own against Minnesota. Buckeyes continue unscathed in conference competition. My guess is . . . OHIO STATE.

• **Princeton vs. Yale:** Tigers without full-time service of Royce Flippin are just another team. Elis are rolling. Will clinch Ivy League crown . . . YALE.

• **Texas vs. TCU:** Resurgent Longhorns battle once-beaten Horned Frogs in game which will probably decide SWC Cotton Bowl representative. I'll take . . . TCU.

• **Pitt vs. West Virginia:** Panthers can cause any team trouble but the unbeaten Mountaineers should be alerted . . . WEST VIRGINIA.

• **Clemson vs. Maryland:** Tigers and Terps are tied for ACC lead. Clemson is improving but . . . MARYLAND.

• **Michigan State vs. Minnesota:** Minnesota meets the multiple offense fourth week in a row. Experience won't help them . . . MICHIGAN STATE.

• **Rice vs. Texas A&M:** The Owls have completely disappointed. The Aggies have completely surprised. Another win for . . . TEXAS A&M.

• **Wisconsin vs. Illinois:** Inspired Illini walloped unbeaten Wolverines. Badgers back on victory trail after three straight losses. Will continue . . . WISCONSIN.

• **Nebraska vs. Colorado:** Cornhuskers are currently tied with Oklahoma for conference lead. Colorado is down to Oklahoma and Missouri in Big Seven play. Close but . . . NEBRASKA.

• **UCLA vs. Washington:** Huskies started fast but faded. UCLA have had little trouble since Maryland loss. Should be easy win for . . . UCLA.

ALSO:

Michigan over Indiana
Navy over Columbia
Cornell over Dartmouth
Harvard over Brown
Army over Penn
Georgia Tech over Alabama
Tennessee over Florida
Auburn over Georgia
Oklahoma over Iowa State
Purdue over Northwestern
Arkansas over SMU
Miss. State over LSU
Syracuse over Colgate
Notre Dame over North Carolina
Stanford over Oregon

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GOLF

By

HERBERT WARREN WIND

DESPITE THE DISTRACTING FLORA
AND FAUNA OF PALM SPRINGS THE
U. S. TEAM AGAIN BEAT BRITAIN'S
BEST TO RETAIN THE RYDER CUP

LAST SUMMER when the touring pros made their trek slowly across the breadth of the continent, for the first time in a good many years the caravan's hot weather roster was augmented by Sam Snead. The man in the coconut straw hat, as everyone knows, needs prior money about as badly as Bing Crosby needs a shot at the \$64,000 question. An entirely different motive—and a very refreshing one in this day and age—had drawn Sam away from the comfortable indolence of his home in White Sulphur Springs.

Selection to our Ryder Cup team is almost strictly a matter of arithmetic. (The standard is included to cover the PGA's ardent exhortation of Bob Toski from the team as a most noticeable technicality; his failure to fill out and mail in a piece of paper work by a certain date.) In any event, as a matter of general procedure, the 10 American pros selected for the biennial matches against Britain's best are the 10 who over the past two years have accumulated the highest number of points in PGA coordinated competitions. Because he is affluent enough not to have to trudge the circuit endlessly, Snead did not rank among the top 10 as of last July. Thereupon he took to the

road, but it was not until early September when he won the Insurance City Open, the last tournament that counted, that he added his total sufficiently to insure himself a place on the team.

This past weekend, when the United States defeated Great Britain 8 to 4 in the 19th Ryder Cup match at the Thunderbolt Country Club in Palm Springs, Sam equaled Gene Sarazen's record of having played in six of these flaccid international affairs. Moreover, by winning his singles and his foursomes, Sam gained the distinction of having accounted for nine winning points, the highest total any individual has amassed in the Ryder series.

A TWO-DAY AFFAIR

Like the Walker Cup, its equivalent for the amateurs, the Ryder is a two-day affair. On the first day there are four foursomes, that type of match in which two partners play alternate strokes and drive from alternate tees. Each is worth a point. On the second day, there are eight singles, each worth a point. As the teams warmed up over inexpressibly fat luncheon at Thunderbird, memorizing the distances which can be most deceiving when there are

so few hollows and angles punctuating the course's 6,843 playing yards, there was the usual speculation as to whether or not the Americans would simply walk off with their seventh consecutive victory or whether this year of low-pressure, soft-spoken, and unglittering British pros might make a real match of it, something visiting British teams have been historically unable to do. In 1937 at Portland, Oregon and in 1953 at Pinehurst, for instance, the British managed to collect a grand total of 3½ points out of a possible 34.

Not until the Saturday morning, though, when the foursomes got underway did the air bristle with the impending excitement of a major international clash. If you know Palm Springs, you can understand this with no elaboration. Few things can bristle the air in this man-made oasis beneath the jagged San Jacinto mountains, which is precisely why the spot has become the favored sanatorium of such hard-pressed public utilities as Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, to mention the two most prominent of the Hollywood names who have homes there. It is hard to get too up about your usual convenient Palm Springs. Smokestacks and palms and hotels built around swimming pools dominate the desert-scapes. Around the pools you usually find one or two specimens of that distracting migratory fauna which becomes local to each region—the platinum-haired deer. Under these conditions, it takes discipline to keep your concentration on your golf, a lot more than when the Ryder is played, say, at Ganton or Wentworth.

Continued on next page

BEHIND PALM SPRINGS POOL BRITISH (LIES). FALLON, BRADFELD, SCOTT AND JERRAL STAGE WORKOUT AS IT'S HERE WITH LORRAE ON



After the first day's play, it was practically assured that the United States would retain the cup. The home forces won three of the four matches, making it necessary for the British to take five of the eight singles—a very thin likelihood—to gain even a tie. The foursmen, however, were decidedly closer than the cold figures might indicate, for Dai Rees, the dauntless little Welshman who captained the British, did a bang-up job of bringing his men up to the starting line, genuinely believing that, if a few patts fell from them, they might fool Henry Cotton and everyone else who had given them up for lost months ago. They played with great resolution. There were no runaways this time.

THE DEUCE THAT DID IT

For example, in the second foursmen, where Doug Ford and Ted Kroll scored the most decisive victory of the day by defeating Syd Scott and Eric Brown 5 and 4, the outcome remained pretty much in doubt until the short 28th where Ford rapped in a 38-footer for a deuce that put his side 3 up.

The two captains, Rees and Chick Harbert, followed the identical strategy of placing their strongest players at the bottom of the batting lineup, so, as things worked out, the fourth foursmen was the glamour match, Sneed and Middlecoff versus Rees and Harry Bradshaw, a calm, portly Irishman who looks like the man who comes to read your gas meter and who plays his shots so quickly and nonchalantly that the ball is on its way to the pin while you are still waiting for Bradshaw's practice swing. After a rocky start that saw them lose the first three holes, Bradshaw and Rees roared back into business by taking the 11th, 15th and 19th with a string of three birdies and were all square at lunch. By the 23rd, Sneed and Middlecoff were 2 up again but it was very much a match until Sneed heled a downhill 8-footer for a birdie on the 31st to set up the Americans' eventual 3-and-2 victory.

The two remaining foursmen—John Fallon and John Jacobs versus Chandler Harper and Jerry Barber, Arthur Lees and Harry Weetman versus Jack Burke and Tommy Bolt—were terrifically exciting matches. Two down at lunch, Fallon, a scholarly 42-year-old Scot, and Jacobs, who looks enough like Middlecoff to be his brother, won three holes back on the first nine in the afternoon and came to the 36th still harboring that slim one-hole lead after halving the 35th in birdie. On the home

continued on next page

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RYDER CUP

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hole, a 450-yarder to one of the course's rare plateaued greens. Barber and Falton, playing the approach shots, were both too strong and both balls finished well beyond and below the raised bank at the back of the green. Trying to drop the ball just over the bank, Harper didn't give the ball quite enough and it expired on the back apron 25 feet short. Jacobs played a pretty shot five feet from the hole.

THE CRITICAL PUTT

At this point it looked all over for the American duo but in the next moment the situation changed entirely. Jerry Barber, who had previously holed two chip shots, proceeded to hole his third. Now the pressure was on Falton, and that short five-footer had suddenly grown a lot longer and curlier. He stroked it into the center of the cup. G.R.—1 up. Half an hour after this, Lees and Weertman came to the 35th standing 1 down to Burke and Belt, still alive, thanks to two stable clutch putts: the burly Weertman had sunk for last-breath halvers on the 30th and 32nd. Two superb breaks to the green here, Belt firing a seven-foot seven feet below the pin, Lees following with a peach that finished about 11 feet away on the left. Weertman, however, was faced with an exceedingly difficult putt, a downhill with a sharp left-to-right break. He and Lees studied it for perhaps two minutes. Weertman got set to putt, walked away, restudied the line, got set again, and holed the critter. Up to Burke now—a straight seven-footer slightly uphill. With little hesitation, Jack stepped up to the ball and knocked it in. United States—1 up.

It proved to be a fairly important putt, Burke's seven-footer that saved a critical half point, for in the singles the British played their hearts out and some mighty aggressive golf in the bargain. The outstanding contribution, of course, was Jacobs' 18-birdie 1-up conquest of Middlecoff (who was 67, 68 himself), but Bradshaw sauntered home in the morning against Burke with six consecutive 2s. Ross birdied four of the first five holes in the afternoon to cut Broad from 6 up back to 1, and every match, for that matter, was not beyond winning. In the end the British was only three of the eight singles, but they achieved in defeat the finest performance by far a British Ryder team has ever made in this country.

(REURO)

TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for erratic putters

from **CHICK HARBERT**, Meadowbrook Country Club, Northville, Mich.

It doesn't make any difference if you have an unorthodox grip or stance when you putt, but two things are vital: your eye must be directly over the ball, and you must stroke the ball to make it rotate end-over-end.

You have undoubtedly noticed that manufacturers are now making putters more upright. This is to help the golfer keep his eye directly over the ball. Every great putter I have seen does this. In effect, his eyes act in the capacity of eyes for the ball. The ball can only "see" the line when your eyes are directly over it. If they are not, your eyes will see one line while the ball "sees" another, and I don't think I need to go into the results of that.

When your eyes are over the ball, you have a much better chance of stroking it accurately and imparting end-over-end rotation. End-over-end rotation means that the ball is contacted so squarely that it rolls "over itself," on the same vertical axis, there being no side spin as there inevitably will be when the ball is cut or pulled or mis-putted in some other manner. If a putt stroked with end-over-end rotation hits a corner of the cup, it will not spin off and will usually drop. Bobby Locke, that magnificent putter, draws a line of Mercurochrome around his practice putting balls so that he can check exactly how the ball is rotating.



End-over-end rotation

The eye is directly over the ball



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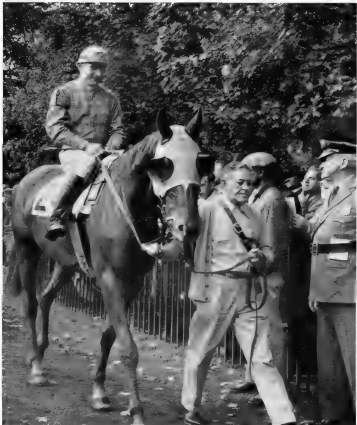
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NEXT WEEK: BILL GORDON ON STARTING THE BACKSWING

RACING'S CAVIAR: THE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SY FESSIN



STEEPLECHASE

A sport of skill and nerve is winning new supporters both afield and at some of the major American tracks

by WHITNEY TOWER

COMPARED WITH the millions of fans who attend U.S. flat racing every year there are comparatively few who have the same fanatical interest in the jumpers. This is not because steeplechasing is dull, for indeed probably no sport in the world can match it as a spectacle of beautifully coordinated skill and nerve—whether it be at a major track or in the more natural setting among the sweeping slopes of the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia hunting country. And yet there persists a feeling among the general race-going public (which often gets a diet of one jump race a day at many race courses) that it is simply too hazardous to back a horse that may not reach the finish line at all.

Such considerations are present but by no means foremost in the minds of a happy throng of sportsmen who give their support to the jumpers in the peaceful atmosphere of the hunting field. There is a sporting heritage to be proud of, and the scene of a crowded Maryland hillside dotted with tweeds, shooting sticks and picnic hampers is an occasion to reflect that a day at the races has more to offer than a ponderous wait in a betting queue.

Steeplechasing, both afield and on the tracks, was on the rise in 1955. Much of the credit must go to an unselfish, nonprofit organization called the United Hunts Racing Association, which, in conjunction with the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, stages meetings from Indiana to New York. The United Hunts recently proudly announced that its membership had grown from 400 to nearly 1,600 in less than a year. Purse distribution was increased in many major stakes—from \$15,000 to \$50,000 for the Temple Gwathmey in which Neji (opposite page) virtually clinched the year's steeplechase championship for his owner, Mrs. Ogden Phipps and her brother-trainer, G. H. (Pete) Bosworth. But Neji's superiority over the big course at



LAND'S CORNER stole the spring spotlight with a victory over the Maryland Hunt Cup's 25-timber-fence, four-mile course.



TEMPLE GWATHMEY Cup is presented to Pete Bosworth, Mrs. Ogden Phipps and Dooley Adams by Mrs. John Harris IV.

Belmont was only one of the highlights of the season which opened last March at Southern Pines, N.C. and closed last Saturday at Montpelier Station, Va. The traditionally rugged Maryland Hunt Cup—four miles over 22 timber fences—was won by Mrs. William J. Strawbridge's Land's Corner. The winner had worked up to this race, considered by many to be the world's most difficult race to win, by capturing the three-mile My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point at Merckton, Md. The Virginia Gold Cup, another run of four miles, went to Cyrus Maniere's Uncle Pierre. Other prominent winners were Miss E. C. Bosley's Marchized, Mrs. M. G. Walsh's Repose and Rhythminism, Harry S. Nichols' Ginny Bug and Charles M. Cann's Galant Ship.

At the United Hunts' annual two-day fall meeting at Belmont both attendance and pari-mutual betting were up over last year's figures, and the healthy state of steeplechasing is such that owners of the best foreign jumpers are cocking some anxious looks in the direction of America for possible large-scale invasions in the near future. The impression everywhere is that the golden era of steeplechasing in the U.S. could be here—right now.



DOOLEY ADAMS has back with Neji (2B) for most of the Temple Gwathmey, then caught leading Rhythminism after last jump.

NEJI, 5-YEAR-OLD SHIREHORSE, DOOLEY ADAMS UP, HAS WON FIVE OF EIGHT 1955 RACES

Field Trials for Spaniels and People

by HENRY P. DAVIS

An authority on the subject tells why they are among the most popular of gun dog competitions and a favorite outdoor social occasion as well

IN THE next two months some of the finest gun dogs in the country will get together in the field with their handlers and owners and in two dramatic title events will bring to a close the 1955 spaniel field trial season. At Amwell Shooting Preserve near Lambertville, N.J. the weekend of November 19-20, the American Spaniel Club will hold its National Cocker Spaniel Championships; and on December 1-4 at the Crab Orchard Wildlife Refuge, near Herrin, Ill., a phenomenal dog called Ludovian Bruce of Greenfair, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Quirk of Greenwich, Conn. and handled by Larry MacQueen, will defend his title in the National Springer Spaniel Championships.

Sparkling performances in the spring events had promised a good season with stout competition in the fall trials, and this prediction has been fully realized. One of the best trials in recent months was the springer spaniel open all-age stake of the Cocker Spaniel Club of Long Island (September 24-25), where field competitions for both cocker spaniels and English springer spaniels were held.

A CLOSELY CONTESTED FINISH

In a closely contested finish in the springer trial, Ludovian Bruce of Greenfair came through with a performance which carried the day. As a large gallery of field trial enthusiasts watched the final heat in silence, this eager white-and-liver-colored English springer increased the tempo of his slashing pace and wheeled into the rough cover to his right. Ahead of him a big cock pheasant flared from the

thick bramble cover with a loud squawk and an explosive rear of wings and stretched for the safety of the woods line ahead.

The dog stopped instantly, dropping to his haunches, and sat marking the game bird's flight, every muscle aquiver with intense eagerness. "Ride it out," signaled the judge, and the gunner held his fire in recognition of the request for a "long fall." At the crack of the gun, the pen-raised bird crumpled and slatted down into the high cover which bordered the woods, forestalling the difficult retrieving task for which the judge had hoped.

Out in the cover some 20 yards in front of his handler the spaniel still sat steady, restrained only by the memory of his training and indicating his impatience by an occasional backward look. The judge was testing the dog's gun manners under pressure. After an interval he signaled the han-

dler to "send him," and at the voiced command to "fetch," the dog was off and back at a gallop in a few minutes with the downed bird delivered tenderly to hand.

It was an example of spaniel field work at its best: a hard-paced ground-covering heat, with the course properly quartered, a proof of fine scenting ability, willing handling response, perfect steadiness to wing and shot and a difficult retrieve properly executed. International Field Trial Champion Ludovian Bruce of Greenfair had added another first place silver bowl to his owners' well-filled trophy case.

It was not an easy win for Bruce over the rough courses on the magnificent estate of Marshall Field at Lloyd's Neck. He was pressed hard throughout, and the judges, Mr. Robert Moulton of Norristown, Pa. and the writer were forced to hold a third

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SPORTING LOOK

THE SPECIAL LOOK OF FIELD GEAR

There is a very special look to the clothes worn at field trials. They are the products of necessity and a love for dogs. The pictures on the next four pages were taken at a two-day cocker and springer spaniel field trial, held by the Cocker Spaniel Club of Long Island at Marshall Field's estate at Lloyd's Neck, Long Island. They illustrate the functional quality of these clothes. On the Saturday of the trial a steady autumn rain soaked the field and the dogs, but not the followers. They were well protected by weatherproof ponchos, jackets, hats and trousers. The next day, Sunday, was perfect, and for tramping through the cover after the dogs, the large gallery, the guns and the judges wore brush pants, leather-faced against the briars, gaiters or boots. The hats the men wear to such an event are decorated with the badges of the various field trial clubs at which they have shot, judged or won ribbons.



OWNER Dr. Samuel Milbank "tests out" a springer spaniel for the last series, watched by Judges Henry P. Davis, and Robert

Moskowitz. Dr. Milbank, a past president of the Westminster Kennel Club, wears custom-made fold clothes of Burberry cloth.



HANDLER Luke Moffitt presents retriever pleasant to Judge Davis to show dog has a soft mouth. Davis' hat is a Tyroler.



HOST Marshall Fickel, a Labrador fanboy, talks dogs with Robert McLean, publisher of Philadelphia Bulletin, a spaniel man.



GEN. CAPTAIN Harwell S. Moore wears a horned-bell shooting hat, rainproof jacket against the contrary weather.



SPECTATOR Mrs. Robert Melson, in tweed suit and English colors, relaxes on shooting vick. Ernest Burton (rear) wears Goring boots.

WINNER Mrs. Joseph C. Quirk, in her English tweed and Newmarket boots, talks with Mrs. Kingsley Kaskardt.



GEN. H. Godwin Stevenson Jr. wears poplin shooting jacket, with red on his collar for safety, leather-bound field trial pants and a Tyroler hat.





TRAINER Arthur Kakin and his wife are dressed for the high brush cover of the field, he in leather-garbed pants, she in felt and knee socks.



GEN Robert S. Moore's dressmaker's hat, his yellow rubber jacket and shell belt are practical wet-weather gear.

GUN John de Bragana shoots in a 20-year-old hand-made Bavarian shooting coat of Loden cloth, with horn buttons and leather patches.



SPECTATOR Mrs. Doris Belford does needlepoint as she follows trails. Mrs. Charles Greening wears ladies' field suit.



JUDGE Henry P. Davis props on a shooting stick during break. For rainy day he wears a waterproof U.S. Navy parka, felt hat.



WINNERS Mr. and Mrs. Albert Winkler watch the trial. Their champion dog, Pis, was first place in open all-age cocker stake.

OWNERS Mr. and Mrs. Henry Berel have a larksome time on stakes wagon tail gate. The Berels own 25 American cockers.



OWNERS Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gattson try off after a four-hour tramp through rain-soaked field. They loved clean and faithful dogs.

FIELD TRIALS FOR SPANIELS

continued from page 16

series, in addition to a water test, to settle the issue.

A number of new imports from England have recently appeared on the scene, and springer spaniel competition is growing stronger each year. In fact, the three dogs that were placed below Bruce are all imported contenders. Ladlovian Scamp of Greenfair, kenneled of the winner, placed second; Naughton's Samson, owned by Robert McLean of Philadelphia and handled by the well-known trainer Arthur R. Kakin of Carverville, Pa., was third; and fourth place went to Rivington Countryman, owned by Dr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Bank of New York and Fisher's Island, N.Y. and piloted by the doctor, who has long been recognized as one of the top amateur handlers in the country.

ENGLISH IMPORTS DOMINATE

The field trial spotlight was turned on cocker spaniels when the open all-age and novice stakes for this breed were held. These are events where English and American cockers compete on even terms. In the open all-age, English imports were again dominant, winning the two top places and also annexing fourth-place honors. The winner was the flashy little white-and-red Field Trial Champion Greatford Meadowhurst Pin, owned by Albert F. Window of Goshen, N.Y. and handled by Jasper Briggs. Second place went to a recent import, Greatford Charlie, owned by the Pemberton Kennels of Mr. and Mrs. Dean Bedford, Fallston, Md. Third honors were garnered by the consistently brilliant, domestic-bred Field Trial Champion Berol Lodge Glen Garry, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Berol of Chappaqua, N.Y. and handled by Blair Crowell. English Field Trial Champion Stalyde Jean of Cinar, an entry of the Cinar Kennels of E. Roland Harriman of Arden, N.Y., gathered the fourth-place accolade under the whistle of Trainer Lionel J. Bend.

In the matter of spectator enjoyment, spaniel field trials rank high in the whole pagentry of gun dog competitions. They are colorful, exciting and packed full of action with a minimum of nonactive delays. The spectator who follows along with the gallery is accorded the opportunity to witness what he can seldom see in many other canine competitions—the entire cycle of events for which these breeds have been developed and trained; the search for, finding, handling and retrieving of

game birds from both land and water.

Since the first championship spaniel trials in this country in 1924, the sport has known a healthy growth. In the early days of field trials ownership of the top dogs was concentrated in a handful of enthusiastic devotees who were willing to import the best England had to offer. But nowadays, while importations are made with regularity, there is a growing tendency to breed and develop our own stock. The sport has spread from the East to the West Coast and the Middle West until there are now about 30 clubs holding annual trials.

Spaniel trials differ in several ways from bird dog trials. In only a few bird dog trials is game actually shot, while shooting is necessary in spaniel trials to test retrieving ability as well as the finding of dead or wounded game. In bird dog trials the dogs are run at braces, two dogs working the same course at the same time. In spaniel trials the dogs are put down in braces but the brassmades work parallel courses, each about 50 yards wide, and must not interfere with each other.

The trainer's art is clearly reflected in spaniel field trial performances, for the dog must be taught to do things that are against his natural instincts and inclinations, such as stepping instantly at flush, remaining steady until ordered to retrieve or resume hunting, and restricting his range to proper gunning distances.

The social side of a spaniel trial is as much fun as the trial itself. Devotees of this sport are friendly outdoor people, ready to welcome novices and explain the fine points of the performances. Those who have officiated, gunned or judged at trials take pride in wearing the badges of the clubs concerned which commemorate their participation (see right).

Spaniel field trials have contributed much to the conservation of wildlife resources through encouraging the use of retrieving dogs in hunting. Whether he be a rough-and-ready, unskooled and devil-may-care performer or a perfectly mannered field trial dog, the spaniel can prove his worth on any day of the open season through the salvage of game that would otherwise have been wasted, to say nothing of the added pleasure of hunting behind him and the loyalty of his devoted companionship. He is, in fact, fast becoming recognized as America's top all-around gun dog. (K.M.B.)

FIELD TRIAL BADGES



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NORTHWEST COUNTY SPANIEL
FIELD TRIAL ASSN.

STIRLING MOSS

continued from page 25

you get from dancing or doing a really nice Christy in skiing. But the sense of great danger, the element of risk, is important too. That's what makes racing so climactic."

Moss dipped one of those addergerated Lyons sticky buns into his already cold tea. He bit into it slowly and thought awhile. "If you feel too strongly about the element of risk," he said finally, "you just don't race. One thing—the more experienced you get as a racer, the more you appreciate the dangers involved."

His voice lightened determinedly. "Oh, I suppose I've had my share of prangs [British slang for accident]. Once, in 1950, outside Naples, I burst a tire on an HWM and jackknifed into a tree. I broke my kneecap and smashed my face, losing a lot of teeth. But mostly, I just keep losing teeth—and that's where my father comes in handy. He's fited me out with plates and I always carry half a dozen spares around with me.

"My father wanted me to be a dentist too, but I just didn't have the brains. Then he tried to detour me into the hotel trade and farming. We have a place up in Tring—it's 200 acres and has 550 pigs and lots of cows. But I disliked farming intensely—you have to get up at 6 a.m. and put a warm hand on a cold udder. That was not for me, old boy!

"I guess all I ever wanted to do was drive. It's kind of an obsession—and I've spent my whole life around racing cars and racing talk. Even my mother used to race. She drove a Mercedes in the '20s. And this year my sister won her first race in an MG.

"As kids, Pat and I went with my parents to race meetings all over the country. I had my first car at seven—a battered old Lancia which I ran around the farm. Then I got an Austin Seven, which cost £60. I stripped it down to make it look like a racer. Just before my 18th birthday, my father helped me get a Cooper 360 and I started entering hill climbs. My first was Prescott. The whole Moss family went there as a team. We used a horse box from the farm as carry van and the old family Roils as tow car.

"The Cooper arrived just the day before we left. I couldn't practice, but I managed to place fourth. Then I took eight firsts in my next eight hill climbs. Still we lost money, because the prize money was so awfully low then. At Prescott you get £10

for winning, but it costs £5 to enter.

"Pop and I decided to give me another year, to see if I could get onto a works team and make a go of it financially. In '49 I bought a special dual Cooper—one that takes either a 500- or 1,000-cc engine. Then I went over to the Continent, where the tempo's faster. I had a chance to see the big international stars in action—Fangio, Ascari, Farina and the rest. Towards the end of the year I got my first professional drive—that was when John Heath built his two-seater HWM. It had an Alfa engine and was adaptable for either sports or racing events. That was the nearest thing England had to a Grand Prix car at the time. The HWM helped me in 1950 to get what every professional driver needs—a factory drive. That was for Jaguar, in their XK120 sports car."

test-run her right away. I'm leaving for Germany the day after tomorrow."

"Old boy" turned out to be an anxious local magazine editor and "old bird" the manager of the local Mercedes garage.

Manager Gregory, a slender, dark-haired man of around 28, came in with two fans. They were introduced, looking properly awed, given photographs and sent on their way.

"Racing fans are a very special breed," Stirling said. "But it's the ones who have the cars that pose the biggest problems. They're always asking you to take their cars out—they expect you to just pull the stick back and takeoff! It's a funny thing, though, you can learn a lot explaining things to an amateur."

The talk turned to Mercedes, the German firm for whom Moss won his



MILLE MIGLIA VICTOR Moss, first Englishman ever to win famed classic, was greeted on return from Italy by parents, both former drivers, and Manager Gregory (right).

Nonpushed aside the remnants of his cold tea and led the way back through the rain to the office. The atmosphere at Moss, Ltd. was still decidedly high-pressure. The secretaries were typing away and through the other door Ken Gregory, Moss's manager, could be heard in earnest conversation.

A phone rang and Moss hopped to it. Then the other one rang, and he was straddling both phones concurrently, like a circus driver mounted on two frisky horses. "Right—ho, old boy!" he chattered into the one phone. "I shouldn't worry if I were you. Just send your photographer over tomorrow morning." And, "That's lovely, just lovely, old bird," he purred into the other. "The 300SL has arrived! I'll

first victories this year to gain second place in world standings.

"For years," he said, "I always insisted on 'driving British'—and I still want to drive British, if I can. But it's in Grand Prix racing that you make your reputation, and Britain's not in a position, unfortunately, to race real Grand Prix cars. We were tops in the 500s and there was Jaguar, of course, for sports meetings—but no British company had succeeded in building a first-rate Formula One racer. If you smash a Cooper, you only smash up 500 quid—but a racer, like Merka, with tooling and so on, costs over £40,000.

"In 1933, Ken went around to see Alfred Nussbaume, the Mercedes racing

continued on next page



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SPORTS

STIRLING MOSS

continued from page 52

director, to see if he'd give me a drive. 'Let's see what your boy can do with a Grand Prix car first,' Alfred said. So that was when we went out and bought a Maserati and raced her privately. We figured her to be the best Formula One car to have a chance against Merks."

Moss did so well ripping after Fangio and the others that Alfred let him try a test-run last December at the Hockenheim motorcycle track—the first British driver to sit in a Mercedes since 1935. After that drive, Mercedes signed him to a contract.

"Neubauer's like a mother hen," Moss said. "He sees you get to bed on time; and if anything gets in your eye, he'll run you right off to the doctor. They have been wonderful people to drive for, because they're very painstaking and will do anything to please you. The first time I drove the Formula One, I suggested they remove the anti-roll bar—they'd lose 12 pounds in weight that way. Some cars need it, like your American cars with their soft suspension—but not the Mercedes. Alfred did it straightway. Then, in Argentina, after a trial run, I happened to mention that the brake was good, but I thought it needed a bit more pressure. He didn't say anything, but next morning there was a servo motor attached to the brake."

"With fast cars, you need stamina and very quick reflexes. You've got to be able to anticipate danger—the faster the car you drive, the faster you

have to develop this sense of anticipation. I keep fit with water skiing, judo, table tennis, lots of swimming and plain, old-fashioned physical training exercises. And I get lots of sleep and do very little smoking—I limit myself to five cigarettes a day, always in a filter. Also, no alcohol."

Moss looked at his watch and jumped to his feet. "Look, old boy, I'm going to try out a Mercedes 300SL—It's the first to arrive in London. Would you like to ride along with me?"

Moss's car, parked on the street outside, seemed rather an incongruously average one for an international racing star to be driving. "It's a Standard Eight, with a Ten engine," he explained. "I use it to run around town. I've also got a 220 Mercedes, for trips."

He careened off down the Strand, through clusters of Austins, Humber, Bentleys and other Standards, driving with expected expertise—but also, great impatience, as if the car were part of himself and he wanted no interference, mechanical or otherwise.

He swung wide and fast around onto Waterloo Bridge, and a hobby gestured warningly at him.

"I guess he doesn't know who's driving," said his passenger.

"It doesn't matter—in London, British police just couldn't care less who you are. I've had my share of summonses. It's not like on the Continent or Argentina, where a racing driver's like a movie star. In Buenos Aires, the police expect you to drive in traffic like you were in a Grand Prix; small boys and bobby-acorns come up



Robert

and him you; and taxi drivers challenge you to race down the main streets!"

The 366SL was waiting in a small suburban garage. "Pretty thing, isn't she?" he said, patting the low, gray coupe. The score steepleslayer feeling the flank of a Thoroughbred horse.

The doors flipped upwards, like a pair of butterfly wings; and, in a moment, the car was blasting along gray, factory-lined roads that resembled the outskirts of Chicago. "I don't know what idea you can get of my racing style—but you'll notice, I sit fairly far back in the seat, with my head back and my arms straight out. I model myself after Farina's style. When I race, I always dress in white, because I think a racing driver should look as smart as any player at Wimbledon; white leather boxing boots, white nylon coveralls and nylon socks."

He stopped for a red light, then rocketed off with great but frightening dexterity, leaving lesser mortals in their lesser cars plodding far off in his exhaust. "You know, most people think races are won by speed alone. But actually, you win them by your mastery of driving around bends and corners. As far as I'm concerned, the straight's only a road connecting two corners."

"The trick is to start round a corner using as little power as possible, so you'll be able to have more horsepower available coming out. Like this." He moved his hands and feet very quickly and the car began swaying out along a wide, wide arc, mounting up speed as it swept sharply around an intersection—and just skimming around an unsuspecting Hillman that, until a moment before, had been far ahead.

"That's the four-wheel drift. I don't know if you had a chance to notice, but I came in fairly normally—then, I put the brake on just the moment before we got into the bend. And, just before she started to break away, I accelerated hard and held her in the drift. It does call for a bit of throttle work."

More corners again. "Driving is a little like bullfighting," he said. "Personally, I hate bullfighting. But the way a racing crowd can build up excitement is incredible—just as in the bull ring. The movies like to show lots of pile-ups. That doesn't do the sport any good. Actually, a racing car is the safest car in the world. Of course, when you push it to its absolute limit, there is a risk to it—we may as well face that. But when you drive, you have to have the courage of your convictions. Otherwise you don't drive."

He waved goodbye. His passenger took a slow cab home. (K&R)

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YANKEES IN JAPAN

continued from page 82

Japanese sportswriters have been able to question Casey Stengel on everything from the Yankees' signing of an Hawaii-born Japanese as a Yankee scout (Stengel insists the club was dead serious in this) to why Japanese batters couldn't seem to get a clean swipe at Jim Konstanty's deceptively slow pitches. (Konstanty is a big right-handed relief pitcher whose effectiveness depends on precise control.)

Casey was holding court in the anteroom of the gigantic Koshien Stadium, just outside Osaka, when the last question came up. Around the big cloth-covered conference table were gathered a score of reporters. In the middle of the table were three willing chrysanthemums in a flowerpot. Casey sat slumped with his head on his hands. After the question he waited a moment, then leaned forward and in a hoarse, confidential whisper divulged Konstanty's secret:

"He's got radar in his arm."

Casey ran one hand up the other arm, making butterfly motions with his fingers, to indicate just how it all worked. Turning to the interpreter, he added:

"Tell them it's the disappearing ball that he throws." With this Casey lifted the tablecloth and started hiding under it. In a moment Casey's white head popped out again and then Casey

himself emerged to explain further: "Course this don't go when they hit him, you tell 'em."

Relaxed off the field, enjoying what is essentially a vacation trip (Robinson, Carey and Kuehl are all on their honeymoon for that matter), the Yankees were still paying their Japanese hosts the ultimate compliment of serious baseball on the diamond.

Nobody was pretending that Japanese play yet was completely in a league with the Americans, but to Casey's eye it was improving fast. "Now some day if you said you had four or five players who could hit and five players who could play like the Japanese do now, you'd have the same as an American team because the American teams got too much punch for triples and doubles—the Japanese are going to come out sometime with a Rinzuto who can execute every type of play or a Nellie Fox of the White Sox or a Maraville, who can execute plays even though they are small of stature, and they're bright from the shoulders up."

Casey settled back in his chair. The train was rattling south from Nagoya on toward Osaka, where the Yankees were spending the night.

It was cold outside, but the coaches were overheated and stuffy. Up front in the car a desultory card game was in

progress. For anyone who cared to listen, Stengel started declaiming. Autograph hunters were interfering with program practice, he was saying. "You don't want to see a lousy infield for 50,000 people just for some autographs, d'ya? Those people who come out for six or 10 hours, they want to see a good workout. Sure. Now you saw that one a couple days ago. A disgrace, that's what. We're paid to look good out there." Around him a couple of his audience nodded.

Farther back in the car, Umpire John Stevens was talking about the rules-interpretation meetings and umpiring clinics he had been conducting with Japanese umpires. Quiet, likable Bill Dickey dozed, while Jim Turner, Stengel's glitching coach, gazed out at the stations flashing by. They clicked past like the stations south of Chicago—only this was another country and the stations had strange names: Sane-gai, Maibara, Hikone.

NOT SO FAR FROM HOME

"You never know how the other half lives until you get here," said Turner, "and then of course it's not the other half any more." Turner is from Nashville, and he has a soft Tennessee voice. He went on, comparing the places in Japan he had been so far. "I've watched the people everywhere we've gone. I like to look at their faces. You know, if I were picking a place to live here, have a home and have a business, I think I'd take Osaka. I like it better than Tokyo."

Osaka or Tokyo, it was still a long way from Nashville. But the Yankees—and all the American baseball players before them—had helped make it a lot less far. In this contest, it made little difference that the Yankees were winning everywhere (only one tie marred their record); visiting American teams usually won anyway. Or that on that three-and-two pitch in Nagoya, while the bank buster was scooping up the 2 million yen, the Japanese batter had grounded out, and the locals had lost seven to nothing.

The sport itself was the thing. The fan in the grandstand knew it. The Prime Minister of Japan, a second politician who stuck a Yankee cap on his head as he greeted members of the Yankee party, knew it, too. Even history knew it. As the 1955 Yankees entered Koshien Stadium they passed a bronze plaque bearing a bas-relief of a baseball player. On it was an inscription that read: "In memory of Babe Ruth (1893-1948) who played at Koshien Stadium in 1934." (EW)



CASEY STENGEL, famous for his wildly rambling interviews, faze gimlet eye on Japanese reporter between answers at Tokyo airport welcoming session.

YEAR OF THE BABE

Babe Ruth caused riots
in Japan in 1934 when
fans fought to see the
'Living God of Baseball'

by JAMES GREENFIELD



BABE AND PARASOL played first base in the rain, to the delight of adoring Japanese spectators, who insisted the game continue but thoughtfully gave Ruth the umbrella.

WHEN Babe Ruth arrived in Japan in 1934, the Japanese were ready for him. Baseball had long since passed upon a restless as the greatest game in Japan. Newspapers had been sending reporters for more than 10 years to the U.S. to cover the World Series, and three American teams had previously visited Japan. Japanese baseball was quite wonderful, including was *zeno-riders*, its oaks and *debris* *Arda*, and it was an established custom for teams to bow gravely to each other before the umpire barked, "Pare! Pare!"

On November 2, 1934, the day the *Empire of Japan* pulled into Yokohama harbor, 30,000 Japanese created one of the biggest bicycle and rickshaw jams in the empire's history. The players, among whom were Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Fox, Lefty Gomez and *Baby* *Russ*, drove in open touring cars up the Ginza, Tokyo's Broadway. Half a million Japanese were packed 40 deep on the avenue, screaming "bans!" and "Rus, Rus, Rus." More than 600 fans were hospitalized during the crush. The newspapers furnished graphic descriptions of the Babe, who told reporters, "There are no bad people among lovers of baseball."

For the first game 65,000 spectators showed up. By the end of four games, about 200,000 had seen the Americans play. Those who got into the park felt they were "very fortunate in having the rare opportunity of seeing the Living God of Baseball in person." When the Americans went 20 miles outside Tokyo to practice, 20,000 Japanese walked out to watch them.

One game was played in light snow, another in a driving rain. The visitors suggested calling the game off, but the Japanese wouldn't hear of it. Ruth

played first base holding an umbrella in his left hand, snugging throws with his right. The Americans won 7-6.

But the 10th game in Shimizu on November 20 was different. Some 250,000 Shimizukans tried to get seats in a stadium that seated 20,000. Earl Whitehill was pitching for the U.S. and Kiji Sawamura, a 5-foot 8-inch, 17-year-old schoolboy, for the Shimizukans. The Japanese batted first and

Whitehill retired them easily. Sawamura, throwing a series of fast balls and puzzling "drops," easily retired the first two batters. The fans greeted Ruth, the next batter, with a standing ovation and then cheered their dried acetops in silence while he missed Sawamura's first two pitches. But then the Babe stepped out of the batter's box, pointed to his hat and snapped his fingers as the stands cheered. Swinging confidently at the next ball, he missed it clean.

What happened after that is Japanese folklore. The grocer's boy struck out nine that afternoon. Ruth's single in the fourth was the first hit of the game. But in the seventh, Gehrig smashed a 400-foot line drive into the right field bleachers for the longest hit any Shimizukan had ever seen. It was the only run of the day.

In Japan the Ruth visit will never be forgotten. In front of the country's biggest ball park, Koshien Stadium in Osaka, a bronze plaque commemorates the momentous fact: Babe Ruth played here. Japan's annual baseball day, held to promote the game among the small fry, is called Babe Ruth Day. Recently a leading Japanese weekly listed the most famous personalities in Japan during the last 60 years. All names were Japanese—except one, an American. You guessed it. J.S.S.



"BEIRU RUSU" gave a poetic introduction 1934 "Japan-U.S. Great Baseball War."

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

November 11 through November 30

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11

Baseball

Boston vs. Minneapolis, Boston.

Boxing

● José López vs. Carmelo Costa, featherweight, 11 a.m., 2-yr.-olds ap, Laurel, Md.
● Ray Se. Garden, N.Y. (18 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football

● Miami vs. Bucknell, Miami, 9:15 p.m. (NBC/ABC)

Hockey

Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago.

Horse Racing

Ashington, D.C. International (flat), \$15,000, 1 1/4 m., 2-yr.-olds ap, Laurel, Md.
Benson Stakes, \$20,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-old colts, Jamaica, N.Y.

Horse Show

Royal Agricultural Winter Fair Horse Show, Toronto (until Nov. 18).

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12

Baseball

(Professional)

New York vs. Boston, New York.
Philadelphia vs. Minneapolis, Hershey, Pa.
Rochester vs. Fort Wayne & St. Louis vs. Syracuse, St. Louis.

Football

(Leading college games)

EAST
Boston U. vs. Boston College, Boston.
● Columbia vs. Navy, New York, 7:15 p.m. (NBC). Men to watch: Columbia's Claude Beekun (23) & Navy's George Walsh (11).
● Boston U. vs. Cornell, Ithaca, N.Y.
● Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge, Mass., 1:30 p.m. (CBS). Men to watch: Harvard's Mark Gofford (40) & Brown's Archie Williams (42).
● Penn. vs. Army, Philadelphia.
● Pitt vs. W. Virginia, Pittsburgh.
● Princeton vs. Yale, Princeton, N.J.
● Syracuse vs. Colgate, Syracuse, N.Y.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
Alabama vs. Georgia Tech, Birmingham.
Clemson vs. Maryland, Clemson, S.C.
● Georgia vs. Auburn, Columbus, Ga., 2:15 p.m. (ABC).
● North Carolina vs. Notre Dame, Chapel Hill, N.C., 1:45 p.m. (Mutual*).
● Rice vs. Texas A&M, Houston.
● SMU vs. Arkansas, Dallas, 2 p.m. E.S.T.*
Texas vs. TCU, Austin, Texas.

WEST

Marquette vs. Holy Cross, Milwaukee.
Michigan vs. Indiana, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Michigan State vs. Minnesota, E. Lansing, Mich.
Ohio State vs. Iowa, Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma vs. Iowa State, Norman, Okla.
Purdue vs. Northwestern, Lafayette, Ind.
● Wisconsin vs. Illinois, Madison, Wis., 1:30 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS*). Men to watch: Wisconsin's Charlie Thomas (24) & Illinois's Mickey Bates (44).
● FAR WEST
● Stanford vs. Oregon, Stanford, Calif., 2 p.m. P.S.T. (CBS*). Men to watch: Stanford's Billy Tarr (32) & Oregon's Jim Shenley (21).
● UCLA vs. Washington, Los Angeles.

Horse Racing

American Training Classic (second heat), \$15,000, 1 m., for major stake winners, Hollywood Fl., Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey

Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Gallant Fox Handicap, \$15,000, 1 5/8 m., 3-yr.-olds ap, Jamaica, N.Y.
Selima Stakes, \$30,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Laurel, Md.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. riot, Hickory, N.C.
AAA 100-m. natl. championship race, Las Vegas.

Baseball

New York vs. Rochester & Fort Wayne vs. Syracuse, Fort Wayne.

Boxing

Nat'l. Foxchamers Assn. Field Trials & Bench Show, Dublin, Ga. (until Nov. 18).

Football

(Professional)

● New York vs. Baltimore, New York, 2:05 p.m.*
● Philadelphia vs. Cleveland, Philadelphia, 2:05 p.m.*
● Green Bay vs. Chicago Cardinals, Green Bay, Wis.
● Chicago Bears vs. Los Angeles, Chicago, 1:05 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC).
● Washington vs. San Francisco, Washington, D.C., 2:05 p.m.*
● Pittsburgh vs. Detroit, Pittsburgh, 2:05 p.m.*
● Oakland vs. Oakland, Oakland.

Hockey

Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago.
New York vs. Toronto, New York.
Boston vs. Detroit, Boston.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14

Boxing

● Bobby Courchesne vs. Miguel Serviz, featherweight, St. Nick's, N.Y. (18 rds.), 10 p.m. (by mail).
Ezzard Charles vs. Tony Bal, heavyweight, Providence (18 rds.).

Golf Country

1214 championships, Van Cortlandt Park, New York.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15

Baseball

St. Louis vs. New York, St. Louis.

Boxing

Dwight (Fotter) Potgieter vs. James J. Parker, heavyweight, London (18 rds.).

Horse Racing

Display Handicap, \$15,000, 2 1/16 m., 3-yr.-old ap, Jamaica, N.Y.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16

Baseball

Fort Wayne vs. Minneapolis & Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Rochester.

Boxing

● Chuck Spenser vs. Paddy Young, light heavyweight, Chicago Stadium (18 rds.), (ABC-TV 9 p.m. C.S.T.; radio 9:15 p.m. C.S.T.).

Hockey

Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto.
New York vs. Detroit, New York.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17

Baseball

Fort Wayne vs. New York & Syracuse vs. Minneapolis, Syracuse.
Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18

Boxing

● Willie Pazdrowski vs. Joe Renna, light heavyweight, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Football

● Miami vs. Alabama, Miami, 9:15 p.m. (Mutual*).

Hockey

Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19

Auto Racing

Nat'l. Drag Race championships, Litchfield Park, Ariz. (also Nov. 20).

Baseball

Boston vs. Fort Wayne, Boston.
New York vs. St. Louis, New York.
Philadelphia vs. Syracuse, Philadelphia.
Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Rochester.

Field Hockey

Coverd Spaniel natl. championship, Rogers, N.J. (also Nov. 20).

Football

(Leading college games)

EAST

Columbia vs. Rutgers, New York.
Lafayette vs. Lafayette, Bethlehem, Pa.
Maryland vs. E. Washington, College Park, Md.
Penn State vs. Pitt, University Park, Pa.
W. Virginia vs. Syracuse, Morgantown, W. Va.
Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven, Conn.
● SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
● Auburn vs. Clemson, Mobile, Ala.
● Baylor vs. SMU, Waco, Texas.
● Kentucky vs. Tennessee, Lexington, Ky.
● TCU vs. Rice, Fort Worth.
● Texas Tech vs. Cal. of Pacific, Lubbock, Texas.

WEST

● Indiana vs. Purdue, Bloomington, Ind., 2:15 p.m. (ABC).
● Michigan vs. Ohio State, Ann Arbor, Mich., 1:15 p.m. (Mutual*).
● Michigan State vs. Marquette, E. Lansing, Mich.
● Minnesota vs. Wisconsin, Minneapolis.
● Nebraska vs. Oklahoma, Lincoln, Neb.
● Northwestern vs. Illinois, Evanston, Ill.
● Tulsa State vs. Iowa, South Bend, Ind.

FAR WEST

Brigham Young vs. Colo. A&M, Fort Collins, Utah.
Oregon vs. Oregon State, Eugene, Ore.
Stanford vs. California, Stanford, Calif.
● UCLA vs. S. California, Los Angeles, 4:15 P.S.T. (NBC). Men to watch: UCLA's Sam Bowie (23) & USC's Jon Annett (24).

Horse Racing

American Pacing Classic (second heat), \$15,000, 1 m., for major stake winners, Hollywood Fl., Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey

Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.
Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.

Horse Racing

Harvard Special, \$15,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds ap, Narragansett Park, Pawtucket, R.I.
Purina Futurity, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-olds, Pomona, Baltimore.

Softball

World Side Class championships, Havana (until Nov. 20).

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20

Auto Racing

NASCAR 200-m. road race, Lancaster, Calif.

Baseball

Syracuse vs. St. Louis, Syracuse.
Fort Wayne vs. New York, Fort Wayne.
Minneapolis vs. Rochester, Minneapolis.

Golf Country

St. AAU championships, Buffalo, N.Y.

Football

(Professional)

● Detroit vs. Chicago Bears, Detroit, 2:05 p.m.*
● (Mutual-radio*).
● Baltimore vs. Los Angeles, Baltimore, 2:05 p.m.*
● New York vs. Philadelphia, New York, 2:05 p.m.*
● Cleveland vs. Pittsburgh, Cleveland, 2:05 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC).
● Chicago Bears vs. Washington, Chicago, 1:05 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC).
● Green Bay vs. San Francisco, Milwaukee, 1:05 p.m. C.S.T.*

Hockey

New York vs. Montreal, New York.
Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.
Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago.

* See local listing.

COACH, FATHER AND MAN
Sirs:

Enjoyed Conversation Piece: Subject: Frank Leahy in the Oct. 31 issue. It was really a true picture of Leahy, the coach, father and man. I have only met him personally once, but I have observed him coaching at Notre Dame practices many times.

I sometimes run across anti-Notre Dame people (there are some), who find it hard to believe all that one has heard about Coach Leahy. They can't believe that as a football coach he never tolerated swearing of any kind on the practice field. They can't understand the players' loyalty to a coach who demanded strict discipline from his players on and off the field.

When you meet Leahy for the first time, it is as though you are meeting an old friend. And when he says, "I'm very happy to meet you," you are sure that he is.

RON FLANN

Michigan, Indiana

A MAN'S TRUE CHARACTER
Sirs:

After reading Gerald Holland's excellent article on Frank Leahy, may I make this comment: Frank Leahy, husband, friend and father is far more successful than Frank Leahy, coach. That puts him at near perfection as a man could reach. A man's true character may be determined by his actions at home. Mr. Leahy's consideration and obvious affection of his children is magnificent to know. I sincerely hope that I am as successful a father as he.

Being an avid supporter of Southern Methodist University, I have never been a tremendous booster of Coach Leahy. (The current six-to-one edge Notre Dame holds in its series with SMU may influence this somewhat.) However, I have now become a charter member of the fan club of this fine coach and great man.

FRANK CANTON JR.

Dallas

PARENTAL TRAINING

Sirs:

CONVERSATION PIECE: Frank Leahy was extremely interesting. I find myself turning to this feature first every week.

Having met that gracious man Leahy in 1958, I was fascinated by the courtesy and hospitality evidenced by his family. Every parent should read the article. With training like that, there would be no delinquent children.

I was very glad to learn that this experienced and resourceful leader is planning to devote his time to fighting juvenile delinquency. Good luck!

JAMES B. SULLIVAN
The Minot Daily News

Minot, N. Dak.

THE QUALITY OF LEADERSHIP

Sirs:

Your story on Frank Leahy is a magnificently human look into the life of a fine American. Your writer captured the quality of competitive leadership in Leahy that

has helped make our American sports world the wonderful world it is.

Ford du Lac, Wis.

THE NORMAL WAY

Sirs:

I read Mr. Shaplen's article concerning Hubert Bebe who is a graduate of the Chaunoy-Dover High School (SI, Oct. 24). I wish to say that I have examined the cumulative record card of Mr. Bebe and I have also talked with members of the faculty and the board of education. I have learned that the record of Hubert Bebe in high school was an average one for a high school graduate in the state of Ohio. . . .

First, the attendance of Hubert Bebe in high school was good. The office record shows that he was absent six days in his freshman year, five days in his sophomore year, nine days in his junior year and 21½ days in his senior year. His point average was 2.4 for his subjects in high school (this was figured on the basis A=4 points, B=3 points, C=2, D=1, and failure=0). Mr. Bebe was not awarded his high school diploma by the school board over the protests of the principal or superintendent. Mr. Bebe was awarded his high school diploma in the normal way, the same as the other members of his graduating class.

S. L. DARR
Superintendent
Chaunoy-Dover
Exempted Village Schools

Chaunoy, Ohio

THIS IS NO MONEY RECOUNTING
Sirs:

I have made a public apology to the community of Chaunoy-Dover, Ohio for the humiliation caused them when rumors, passed along to your reporter Mr. Shaplen as rumor, apparently was not checked. I hope you will see fit to join me in apology for this unethical journalistic oversight.

When Mr. Shaplen asked me what I knew about Bebe, I told him that an officer of the athletic board had reported to me a conversation with the boy when he was filling his studies here. According to this officer, the boy had blamed his poor showing on the fact that he had not been attending high school more than three days a week. The so-called dispute over his high school diploma came from the vice chairman of an important university bureau. I gave Mr. Shaplen the names and sources of the information. Why did he label it as "research" on my part? I believe that gossip is gossip, but the printed word carries strong responsibility.

I also resent the unauthorized use of my picture (where did you dig up that sour pose from, anyway?). The article carried the inference that the information about Beavermaster and other unseemingly cruel morals came from me, leaving the erroneous impression that I had inspired the whole article and had fed all the scurrilous tidbits to the magazine. I did not know the article was in process until I was called upon as one of many being interviewed.

continued on next page



"This being a guide isn't nearly as easy as I thought it would be."

Particularly do I hope that you will print the whole context of my remarks about Athletic Director Richard Larkins, a man whom I greatly admire: "Dick Larkins is one of the finest gentlemen I know, with a high sense of idealism. He, like the coaches, the presidents, the commissioners, the alumni secretaries, is caught in the system of high-pressure football..."

This is an amazing recanting of my actual remarks. With your general thesis, Wise or Else, I heartily agree, needing only to look over my shoulder at the ghosts of such fine coaches here as Failer, Bicker, Wildman and Wilson strewn along its cruel path. For years I have been writing frankly and honestly about this overemphasis in your columns on our alumni magazine. My stand is well and publicly known, nor do I propose to retreat from it a single step. But from all the unnecessary viciousness in your piece, I beg to become dissociated.

JOHN B. FULLEN

Columbus, Ohio

● SI appreciates the difficulty of Mr. Fullen's position as OSU alumni secretary who disagrees with big-time football policy. When Mr. Fullen (one of many interviewed by Shapiro) told the story of Hubert Bobo's academic deviations, Robert Shapiro thought he was relating his personal research and not retailing "gossip." Mr. Fullen's "sour puss" comes from a Columbus newspaper where it was published before. SI regrets the embarrassment caused Mr. Darnit and Mr. Davis (see below) by quoting Mr. Fullen's statement that Hubert Bobo was graduated over the protest of his principal. But SI cannot agree with Mr. Darnit in accepting Hubert Bobo's record as that of the average Ohio high school graduate. The cumulative record at Chauncey High School shows that eighteen of the twenty-one and one-half days that Hubert Bobo was officially absent from classes in his senior year fall into the final eighteen weeks of his high school career. During those weeks he was absent virtually every Monday or Friday and sometimes both days. William Smith, Chauncey football coach, explains that Bobo enjoyed these days as guest of various eastern and mid-western colleges anxious to secure his services as football player.—ED.

I AM THE MAN

SI:

I am the man who was principal at Chauncey when Bobo graduated. The records at Chauncey show that he had a satisfactory attendance record. The board of education took only the part in his graduation required by the State Department in Columbus which requires boards of education to approve in their minutes the names of all people who receive diplomas. The minutes of the Chauncey-Dover Board of Education will show Bobo's name included with that of some 99 others. ... I

hope you will see fit to correct this misinformation which you have published.

W. G. DAVIS

Manchester, Ohio

● Last week in a letter to the Ohio State Journal, Mr. Davis had this to say about his former pupil: "... he was the greatest high school athlete I have ever known. ... If certain people [at OSU] had spent more time guiding a young man over a few rough spots ... Ohio State might still have the services of another great fullback."—ED.

IS SOMETHING BOTTLED

SI:

President Whitney Griswold of Yale recently declared in an SI article (Oct. 17): "The main purpose of an educational institution is education." But when football coaches are paid more than top professors, and the annual bill for football "scholarships," salaries, supplies, maintenance and travel expenses total more than enough to build a 100-student dormitory, a fully-equipped laboratory or a 25,000-volume library, something is rotten in the state of education. As Robert Shapiro described it in another recent SI article (Oct. 24), college football has become "a vast profit-making amusement enterprise with amateur dressing."

If the present trend continues, it won't be long before some university or its alumni group finds itself wealthy enough to offer athletic "scholarships" to the members of the Strokes or the Green Bay Packers.

KENNETH W. MANNINGVILLE

Altenhurst, N.J.

NOT SO FANTASTIC

SI:

I notice, with the recent publication of the article by President Griswold of Yale and The Ohio State Story, that you are trying to find the answer to professionalism in college football. It is a situation which could only happen in America; for professionalism in college football is a peculiar double standard kind of thing, not too unlike the smug in Los Angeles and the fog in San Francisco. Everyone knows it's there, everyone gets concerned about it, but everybody brags about the beautiful weather and lives in hope that tomorrow the fog will go away.

Unfortunately, not all enthusiasts can play football. The game demands physical prowess and talent that, even in the junior high school grades, separates the men from the boys. And, since the game does demand certain things of its players which every boy in school cannot have, it seems to me that the answer to professionalism in colleges is simple. Just professionalize the whole game. And this isn't as fantastic as it sounds, either.

Sports have passed the era (except for tennis, possibly) when anyone feels that the game is any the less exciting because the players are paid, instead of doing their all for "Dear Old Swarth."

JACK F. LIBERATORINI

San Mateo, Calif.

A TRIP TO BIG THURSDAY

SI:

I have read the splendid article *Tipses, Franchises and Predators* by Mr. Cole Pinsky (SI, Oct. 31).

Never have I read anything more accurate in description or better capturing the true spirit of the occasion. I have referred your article to many friends in an effort to explain Big Thursday as it really is.

Thank you for taking me to a Big Thursday game for the price of one copy of SI.

R. N. SKARSON

Fort Benning, Ga.

MAN OF THE YEAR?

SI:

I hope that this year again SI will select a sportsman of the year. Your choice for last year (SI, Jan. 3) of Roger Banister was a natural as an athlete, he broke a physical and psychological barrier that had defied runners for decades; as a philosopher of sport, he elevated sport from mere competition to an essential and enjoyable part of the life of man.

Is there a man of equal stature this year? I am looking forward to your choice.

ERIC HAWKE

Darien, Conn.

I SEE NO ONE

SI:

As the new year approaches, I am becoming increasingly curious whom SI will choose as their Sportsman of the Year. To me it seems as if no such outstanding man as Roger Banister is around. Banister was a beautiful choice, obvious to sportsmen if not to fans (the AP, if you remember, nominated Willie Mays!). I see no one on the SI horizon. Mardian! He proved that nice guys can clobber villains, but in that regard? My choice, William Woodward, ended tragically. A great sportsman!

ROBERT POWELL

Richmond, Va.

ONE TO BE NEAR HIS MASTER'S SIDE

SI:

Perhaps Senator George Vest gave, some 30 years ago, the best answer to *Jurnal's* October 31 HORACE question:

"The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter whom he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us—those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name—may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when we seem to win it may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads."

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world—the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous—is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will lick the hands that have no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is a constant in his love as the sun is in its journey through the heavens."

"If fortune drives his master forth on outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last arena of all comes, and death takes the master in his embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death."

C. L. EBY

London, Ontario, Canada

● These noble words, today immortalized in many a Missouri school text, were spoken September 23, 1874 in a Jefferson City courtroom by State Senator Vest in clearing the good name of Drums, a hound dog accused of killing chickens. —KJH

HE A SPORTSMAN?

Sir:

Matt Tracy, Palm Beach sportsman ("Are you kidding?"), is undoubtedly the nearest man ever pictured in *HORROR*.

What kind of a sportsman is he? If he ever does any hunting in this neighborhood, please send me warning, so I can keep our dog in the house.

Let him find the deepest lake near Palm Beach and jump in, taking his headballed viewpoint with him.

M. J. GRAY

Wilmington, Delaware

THE FRIENDLY FRANK

Sir:

It has been generally recognized by those who love dogs that the dog is man's best friend, but that matter is greatly in error. It is the *best* dog that is man's best friend. For example, the dog has been known to bite the hand that feeds it. On the contrary the *best* dog looks the hand that bites it.

ARTHUR B. THORNTON

St. Petersburg, Fla.

A SERIOUS REAPPRAISAL

Sir:

While I have owned many dogs—friendly, faithful and true to the death, recently complex arithmetical studies have caused, in many quarters, serious reappraisal of this popular belief. From the standpoint of "friendliness" to man, these studies present a strong case for the male alligator as man's best friend.

On these excerpts from the studies I rest my case as candidate for the title, Man's Best Friend: "... It was calculated that the female alligator during her productive years lays as many as 10,000 eggs. ... The male alligator eats as many as 8,500 alligator eggs and/or baby alligators during his lifetime. ..."

Without him we would surely be up to our ears in alligators.

GERARD A. MUCKLETEE

Sarasota

WIFE'S BEST FRIEND

Sir:

In Montgomery, Alabama they are telling this story about man's best friend: A much-upset man approached the desk of a



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continued from page 81

police sergeant and told him that his wife had been missing since early the night before. The officer efficiently began to assemble information:

- "What size is she?"
- "Oh—about average, I guess."
- "How tall?"
- "Oh, somewhere around 5 feet."
- "Color of eyes?"
- "Blonde, sort of neutral."
- "Hair?"
- "Gold, I don't remember."
- "Kind of clothes?"
- "Hat and coat, I think. She had a dog with her."
- "What kind?"
- "Pedigree collie. Stands 6 hands, weighs 35 pounds, tricolor with brownish-gray spot over right eye, right rear leg solid white, slightly deaf in left ear, has deep-brown leather collar and answers to the name of 'Prince.'"
- "That's enough," said the desk sergeant, "we'll find the collie."

E. L. HOLLAND

Birmingham

DICK DOT GREASY CHESS

Sin:

Ever raid Sparks? Eliminated? Yule faint money enroute in tangos—tango like hebble, gull, tess or udder sparks dot mark very want wot raiding. Mark sure Compressor Chess rules mark greasy varieties.

ROCKE WOOD

Indiana, Pa.

CABLES

Sin:

Some 20 years ago the following anecdote was making the rounds:

An automobile in which two youngsters, Bruce and Alice, were riding overturned on

a country road some distance from the city where they lived. The accident was witnessed by a friend of the family, who was asked to notify their parents by telegram. He was somewhat of a "stentorian orator" and, knowing he was allowed only 10 words in the wire, composed the following message depicting the incident:

BRUCE'S HURT BROTHER AFFORD REQUEST ANALYSIS BY RT. TOS.

ARTHUR W. CALVER

Sarasota, Florida

THIS VERSATILE LANGUAGE

Sin:

Thanks for the pleasant and sympathetic introduction you published with Pot 1 of "Viviane Huskings" (31, Oct. 24). Whoever wrote it has a light touch and a sprightly wit which are used so rarely and pleased me, too, as I haven't always fared so well at the hands of commentators on the English Language.

The English Language consists only of the purest of English words, and its chief reason d'être is to demonstrate the marvelous versatility of a language in which almost anything can, if necessary, be made to mean something else.

Your writer's use of the word *freemint* sent me and other word-happy poets scurrying for the larger dictionaries. We've decided that *freemint* exists only in 31's private lexicon, or perhaps in *Freemint* Wake. If we're wrong about this, could you please let us know? *Delusiveness* undoubtedly is there too. This jocular sibilant creation is admittedly more delicious-sounding than my delusions.

HOWARD L. CHASE

Oxford, Ohio

■ Scholars of the contemporary scene consider *framma*, the basic nonsense word in doubletalk, synonymous with any off-beat language. What came be-



J. L. W. W.

fore frammis? Harris-Gerrit, of course, which itself had an ancestor Jabberwocky, the classic of doubletalk. Delen-seriaesous, a pure English word much appreciated by connoisseurs of spelling bees, describes the common red algae of the North Atlantic seaboard.—ED.

STYLE FOR THE TACK ROOM

Sirs:

I must congratulate you on the arresting and in all ways beguiling horse show cover for your October 31st issue.

It embodies, to me, the three principal elements of a good cover. Style—instant attraction of one's eye—and a most charming subject. I am sure it will be removed from the magazine and hung in many a tack room.

Such a handsome arrangement of black and white, just full of color.

JAMES REYNOLDS

New York

• Mr. Reynolds is one of Ireland's most prolific producers of books and paintings on horses, as well as the author of some fine Irish ghost stories.—ED.

HORSEMEN EVERYWHERE

Sirs:

CONGRATULATIONS AND THANKS FOR YOUR INTELLIGENT PREVIEW OF THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW AND YOUR PREVIOUS COVERAGE OF HORSE EVENTS. I AM SURE THAT HORSEMEN AND HORSEWOMEN EVERYWHERE SHARE MY RESPECT FOR YOUR RECOGNITION OF HORSEMANSHIP AS A SPORTING AND EXACTING FORM OF ATHLETICS.

PAT HUMPHRIES

Fresno, Calif.

THE MEN WHO KNOW

Sirs:

I can almost say, "Glory, Hallelujah!" for *Mr. Cousin Hockey* (81, Oct. 24). As last has come an American publication which is a course and, in my opinion, accurate way has placed the picture of the National Hockey League for the 1955-56 season before the public.

Just one word of warning: I hope Whitney Tower is firmly ensconced at SI because hockey is at the present time very short of knowledgeable men in the business, and could certainly use a man of his ability in many ways.

COSIN SMYTHE

President

Toronto Maple Leafs

Toronto, Canada

FACT IS . . .

Sirs:

Is SI's October 31 Garden State article, you say: "Muri devised a plan that made good common sense," giving the President of Garden State credit for conceiving the race. The fact is, of course, as has been acknowledged by the Garden State Race Track in their own publicity releases, that the race was completely conceived by J. Samuel Perlman, editor and publisher of the *Morning Telegraph and Daily Racing Form*.

D. L. LYONS

New York

• Reader Lyons is correct. A Pat on the Back for Mr. Perlman.—ED.

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The Weekend Shopper

in next week's

Sports Illustrated

PAT ON THE BACK

FREDDIE TEMBY

Freddie Temby, 13, of Bloomingdale, N.J., casting's most talented eighth-grader, has a tableful of trophies (below) and 25 special rods and reels after only four years at the sport. Not just a topflight youngster, Freddie is the only eastern junior who competes with veterans in all the senior events. He depends on keen timing to defeat huskier opponents. "The muscle men," says Freddie, "often beat themselves."



EMILE DU PONT

Emile Francis Du Pont, personnel director and a board member of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., scheduled a day's fishing during a week's holiday at Bermuda and one hour after starting caught the year's largest wahoo for those waters. His catch (above) measured six feet and weighed 82½ pounds. The 57-year-old sportsman hooked the wahoo seven miles offshore and landed it after a 15-minute fight.



EDWARD PRELAZ

Edward Prelaz, 29 (left), Marshall College trainer, used the mouth wedge he had carried unneeded for two years to save Halibut Dyke Six (right) from suffocation in the Kent State game. Knocked out by a forearm blow, Six's jaws locked and he swallowed his tongue. "I pried open his jaws with my wedge," said Prelaz, "flicked out his tongue with my forefinger, and he was O.K." Six played the next game.

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